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MODERN CHIVALRY :

OR,

A New Orlando Furioso.

EDITED BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

FLIGHT V.

"Perfide! sed duris ~~set~~ genuit te cantibus horrens
Caucasus, Hircanæque admorant ubera tigres."

VIRGIL.

Perfidious wretch! hard as thy name imports,—
Thy father was a lump of schist or quartz;
Thy mother, sir, a tigress of Bengal,—
Go! seek her in the Zoological!—

(Translation for the Country Gentlemen.)

"I AM sadly afraid, my dear Emma, we have no chance of ever realizing your favourite wish; and seeing your friend, Miss Montresor, Mrs. Howardson of Greyoke!" observed Mauley, one evening, to his wife, as they enjoyed their sociable *tête-à-tête* over the tea-table in Russell Square.

"And why not? The old lady assured me *she* had never made, and *should* never make, an objection to his marrying a gentleman's daughter to whom he was attached," replied Mrs. Mauley; "and though Gertrude is no longer a girl, my dear Mauley, still less is Mr. Howardson a boy. In the sun, his hair is completely grey, and he is as fussy as an old bachelor."—

"And an old bachelor he is likely to remain!—Would you believe it?—Before I left Lady Rachel's last night, who should walk in but Howardson!"—

"His mother assured me they were no more to each other than common acquaintance. But, if I remember, you fancied even *that* degree of intimacy broken off?"—

"Simply because I did not imagine it possible my friend, old Hurst, would be blockhead enough to let his daughter spend the winter with her godmother, unless assured of the fact.—Certain it is that, so often as I have been there this winter, to confer with Apollonia on business, as her trustee, last night was the first time I ever beheld Howardson in the house!"

"Probably, because he is only just arrived in town."

"That did not strike me.—My dear Emma!—you would have made a capital lawyer!—Still, I must say, I think it an unfortunate school for Miss Hurst.—On Mrs. Howardson's account, who is so charming and exemplary a woman, and still more on Gatty Montresor's, whose happiness is, I am convinced, bound up in his, I truly regret that Howardson's *liaison* with

Lady Rachel should have been renewed. But as regards Apollonia Hurst, the mischief is greater still. I have a great mind to write to her father on the subject."

"Better let it alone!—Though her late mother's will constituted you her trustee, your power extends only to her fortune.—Remember how angry Mr. Hurst used to be when you tried to prevail on him to bring her home from her convent before her education was completed!"—

"Far better if he had followed my advice!—Of the things it most beseems her to know, Apol. is ignorant as a child."

"Still, you had better not suggest to him the impropriety of leaving her with his cousin, Lady Rachel Lawrance.—You will make enemies of four persons, and do good to none."

"I am afraid you are right, my dear Emma. But let us pray that none of our dear children may ever be similarly circumstanced! How terrible the hazards of happiness awaiting a girl of that age, when lovely and simple as Apol.! Look at poor Gatty Montresor!—What a wreck!—What a noble creature lost to happiness and society,—and all from having chanced to afford a few months' pastime to a fellow who did not know his own mind!"—

"I must own," observed Mrs. Mauley, (though half-afraid of uttering such treason against the man who, twenty years before, had dragged her husband out of a fish-pond,) "I must own, dearest, I have no great opinion of your friend Mr. Howardson. From boy to man, what has he ever thought, said, or done, except with a view to his own comfort and convenience, in defiance of that beautiful precept of Pascal, that "*L'humilité Chrétienne anéantit le MOI humain; et la civilité humaine le cache et le supprime.*"

"It is the fault of the age, my dear Emma!" sighed her husband,—“a fault redeemed, however, in this instance, by great qualities—by high accomplishments.”—

"Not redeemed—aggravated!"—cried Mrs. Mauley, with emphasis. "That Mr. Howardson has an intelligent and cultivated mind, which might be applied to purposes and achievements noble as your own, serves, in my opinion, only to enhance the delinquency of his egoism. To whom much is given, from him, much shall be required. Mr. Howardson is doubly accountable;—and to *me* there is something frightful in the course he is pursuing.—At *his* age——"

"Don't talk about his age to *me*, love, as though it were the term of life!" cried Mauley, laughing. "Remember, we are contemporaries!"—

"It is thence I estimate the criminality of his selfishness. By measuring his useless, vain, and sensual existence against all you have accomplished for your own honour and credit and the happiness of others, I learn to regard Mr. Howardson as a mere caterpillar, whose existence is only notable by its ravages

on some beautiful flower, and the quantity of green leaves it is able to consume."

"Dearest Emma! I never before heard you so bitter!"—

"Because I hold this man accountable for the lost happiness of poor Gatty Montresor; and foresee the comfort of his thrice-excellent mother and of poor pretty little Apol. to be in equal peril."—

"God forbid, my dear!—At all events, be it our care to watch well over that of Apollonia Hurst!"—

But, alas! the watchfulness which is to extend from Russell Square to that of Belgrave, is apt to relax by the way;—and as the Scotch proverb hath it,—“It is a far cry to Lochawe!”—

Meanwhile, if Howardson's appearance in Lady Rachel's drawing-room proved vexatious to Mauley, the presence of Mauley himself was a thousand times more annoying to Howardson.—Through this spy in the enemy's camp, tidings of his re-establishment there might reach his mother; and how was so kindly-hearted a woman as the lady of Greyoke, to conjecture that such an intimacy boded no danger to her son?—that he regarded the handsomest woman and prettiest girl in England only as component parts of his agreeable day, just as he regarded his claret, his valet-de-chambre, or his Brougham?—

For at the age to which Howardson had attained,—Love is not a ruling passion.—Providence has so constituted our natures, that boys and old men are alone susceptible of headlong attachments.—The middle-aged man is organized to devote his heart and soul, if married, to his offspring,—if single, to his country.—At twenty or at sixty,—epochs when his services are unrequisite to the service of either,—woman reigns supreme. Parental love (an instinct bestowed to secure the conservation of the human species) subsides into a secondary affection when our children no longer need our care; and we become once more free to love with intensity, as before the existence of that imperative and absorbing tie.—

Howardson, who, thanks to his treachery to poor Gatty Montresor, had no children to provide for, conceiving that

Sparta had many a worthier son than he,

to take care of her turnpike-roads and legislate for her pauper-colonies,—exercised the powers of mind and body destined by Providence to one or other of these duties, solely in catering for himself;—and, devoted to this warm attachment, took care to have no rival in his affections.—No fear of *his* giving way to that fit of hysterics of the heart, called the “tender passion!” Nevertheless, his nature was not secure from a certain annual refflorescence, such as brings forth tender blossoms from the stag-horned branches of the most dilapidated old crab-tree; the only difference being that, every spring, the crab-tree, or sloe-tree, or any other tree, bears the same blossoms as before, whereas the

human heart arrays itself every season with a different flower :—
a fatal facility,—for if it be true that

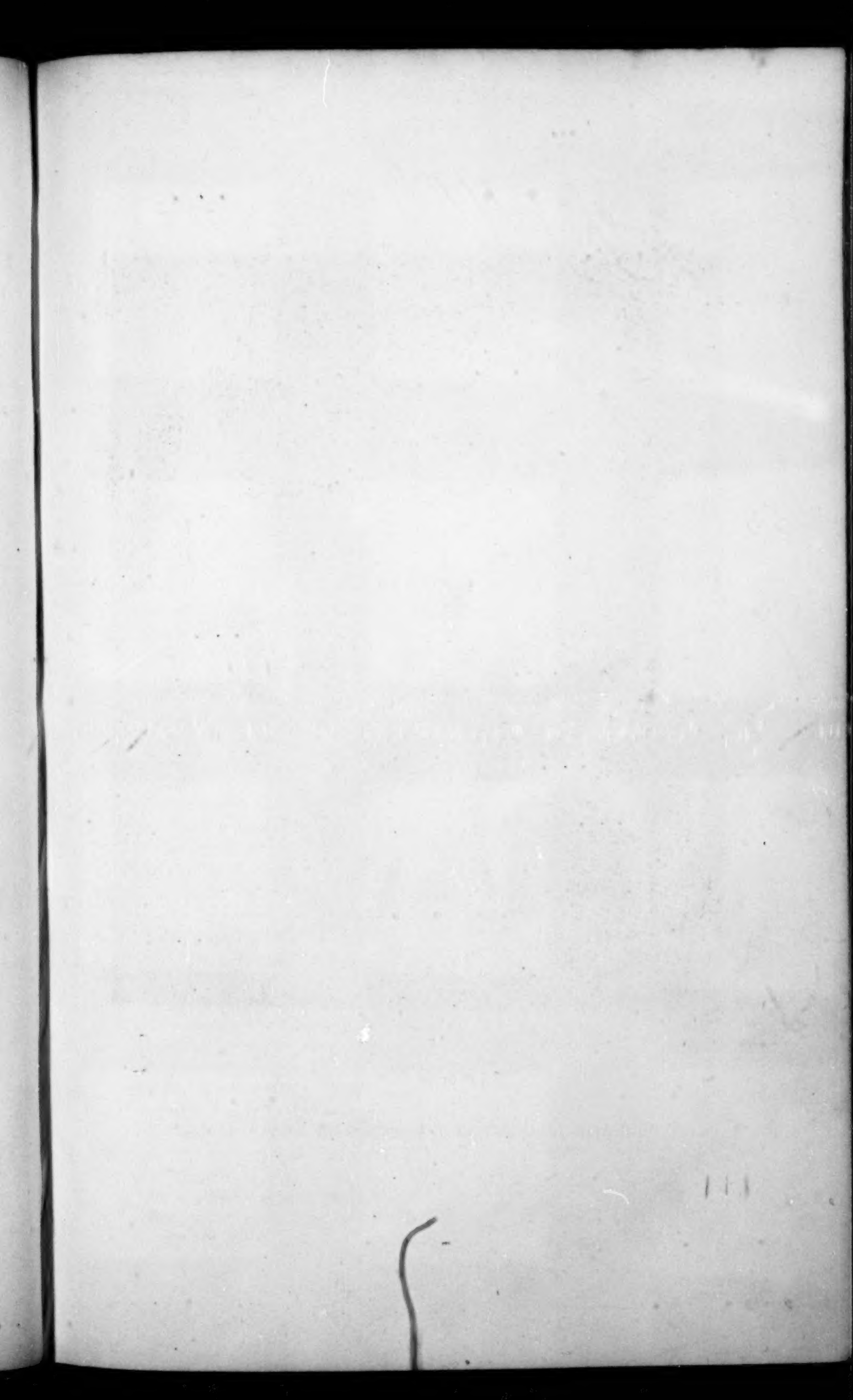
Jucundum nihil est, nisi quod reficit varietas,

the sacred stream of human affection loses all force and dignity by branching into brooklets.—

A scarcely perceptible vibration now disturbed his feelings,—like the slight shock of an earthquake, sufficient to destroy the equilibrium of a building, not to topple it into ruins.—The dawn of a dawn of feeling was faintly streaking his heart,—being the utmost amount of affection to which such a heart as Howardson's is liable.—Some people throw off the scarlatina or a typhus fever more easily than others, either from the vigour, or weakness, of their constitutions; and the cholera, which kills one man as with a cannon-shot, passes over his next-bed neighbour like a slight ailment.—In his youth, Howardson had gone through his love-fits favourably.—His heart was not pitted, or his convalescence lingering.—Was it a sign, therefore, of advance in years, or advance in grace, that the symptoms were now becoming contrary?—In the present instance, he seemed to have taken the disorder in an unfavourable manner; for taken it he certainly had, or he would not have suddenly become so peevish and perverse with poor Apol., so carefully deferential towards Lady Rachel Lawrance.—He was beginning to lead the poor girl,—the pretty heiress,—the *quasi* nun,—the life of a martyr!—

Nothing so difficult to determine as the exact demarcations of youth, middle age, and old age;—words which people pronounce as decisively as though the years of our lives affixed definite periods to our stages of existence, like mile-stones to a journey; or as though youth and middle age were distinct as Arabia Felix and Arabia Petræa. But the age of one man is the youth of another, and *vice versâ*; just as the June of one year is colder than the March of a former; and October, at times, as sunny as June. It is, in fact, as impossible to fix the winter and summer solstice of human nature to a day, as at any given point to admeasure the cubic inches of water contained in the flowing Thames; or decide that the atmosphere, at such or such a point of elevation, contains so many parts of azote.—All must be conjectural.—

It was, perhaps, to increase, or, possibly, to throw a veil over the perplexities of the case, that some facetious personage imagined the saucy indefiniteness of the “certain age;” the great inventor of which mysterious epoch, ought further to have assigned a name to the vague self-mistrust arising in the heart of man on the junction between that cruel period of his life and the smiles of some bright-eyed being,—some butterfly emerging from its chrysalis and requiring summer for its pastimes,—some fair and gentle woman, new to the adulations of the world.—For





George Cruikshank

Apollonia Hurst's annoying remark to Lady Rachel Lamrance.

how are we properly to qualify the peevishness,—the restlessness,—the discontent,—the caprice,—the injustice,—indicative of poor Howardson's state of feeling, after a few weeks' familiar intimacy with Apol. ?—

Mirrored in the reflections of her bright blue eyes, did he first clearly discern the silvery tufts and complex packets of crowsfeet deposited with him by the gout; and it was only on finding her listen with rapt attention to his words, that he became conscious of the evaporation of all grace from his ideas, all spirit from his phraseology.—The languor of time was upon his nature.—He found himself incapable of discerning in a flower the fragrance which *she* discerned. When she talked of the brightness of the sky, Howardson looked forth and found nothing but dimness. For, alas! the grey hair and crowsfeet were within, as without; and his soul was bald with a baldness that set Macassar oil at defiance.—Hence, the petulance of his mortification. Hence, his utter disagreeableness;—unmistakable symptoms, to experienced eyes, of the clinging consciousness of a certain age.

Whenever he was at his crossest, meanwhile, poor Apol., grieved to see her dear godmother's charming neighbour a victim to what she regarded as indifferent health, redoubled her efforts to please and amuse him.—In cold weather, she used to stir up a blazing fire;—in sunny, to draw down the blinds;—or on the damp, silent afternoons, stagnant as a London Sunday, would read aloud to him—(not, indeed, with the varied intonation of Lady Rachel, but the quiet monotony of a murmured prayer)—some passage she had marked in the last book she had perused, to ask interpretation from his greater wisdom.—Or if the streets became too noisy for reading, or Howardson, excited by the dinner-party he had left, was in vein of converse, she would sit with her eyes fixed in mute admiration on his face, listening to him as to the preaching of an apostle.—

One day, however, at the close of one of these silent ecstasies, when the object of her admiration—(smoothed over by her silent flattery, like an athlete anointed for the combat, into unusual elasticity of spirit)—had exceeded his usual measure of languid eloquence, Apol. suddenly exclaimed aloud to Lady Rachel,—“What would I give that poor papa were more like Mr. Howardson!—It was just so,—so rational,—so instructive,—so impressive,—that, in my convent, I used to dream of my father!”—

At that moment, Howardson took occasion to stoop for the removal of a speck of dust from his varnished boot. Nevertheless, the quick ear of Lady Rachel Lawrance probably detected the muttered execration by which the movement was accompanied,—(an execration bitterly accoupling her right honourable name with that of a fit of the gout;)—for in her next *tête-à-tête* with her sarcastic neighbour, she began to talk, in an unconcerned manner, of Miss Hurst.—

“If Apol. were not of so serene and unimpressionable a

disposition," said she, "I should sometimes feel anxious about her prospects. In high catholic families, marriage is almost as conventional an arrangement as among foreigners; and hers was pre-arranged with her cousin (to secure the union of their estates), from the time she was five years old. It was on that account Mr. Hurst kept her so long in her convent. He fancied, when he withdrew her from the Ursulines, that her marriage was on the eve of accomplishment. But when the lawyers took the settlements in hand, after her arrival at the Isle of Wight, they discovered there was no means of assuring her fine fortune hereafter to her husband and children, if the deeds were signed before the attainment of her majority. She has, consequently, three years to wait; for Lady Honeyfield (old Hurst's sister, and as cold and interested a person as himself) would not hear of her son's risking his future ten thousand a-year against an uncertainty."

"*Lady Honeyfield?*" murmured Howardson, but so inarticulately, that there was no occasion to notice the interruption.

"And though I have little doubt," persisted Lady Rachel, "that, had she become a wife immediately on quitting Flanders, her inexperienced heart would have accommodated itself without inquiry, and from a sense of duty, to her destinies, I feel much less happy at the idea of her uniting herself with a man so much older than herself, as Sir John Honeyfield,—(a man double her age,—a man she will contemplate as a father!)—now that she has seen something of the world; and is able to contrast his impaired looks and careworn temper with those of young men like Lord Tarbolton, and others whose vivacity has charmed her unpractised feelings."

Instead of being sufficiently self-possessed to observe—"then *why*, knowing her engagement, did you expose your young friend to the danger of Lord Tarbolton's attractions?"—her indignant auditor was unable to repress a despairing exclamation of—"Jack Honeyfield!"—

Much as he had always detested the noisy, sensual, illiterate sporting baronet, never had he regarded him with such abhorrent contempt as on learning that the virgin of the Ursulines was to be sacrificed to such a monster! A momentary desire to wield the club of Hercules for its extermination, arose in his heart.—But what a triumph for the impertinent world, were *his* listless arm to upraise itself,—*his* undemonstrative countenance to shew itself convulsed by angry feelings!—No!—it should never be said that, after all his high and palmy days of supremacy, he had succumbed to the alligator on attaining a certain age!

Very measured, accordingly, was his reply to Lady Rachel, that Miss Hurst would probably accommodate herself to circumstances, as others of her sex had done before her;—and that many were the consolations of a matron who, to eighty thousand

pounds of her own, is able to conjoin a landed estate of ten thousand a year, even when the premises are burthened with so ponderous an incumbrance as a Jack Honeyfield.

Justly surmising, moreover, the malicious intentions of his fair neighbour in conveying to him the intelligence of Apol.'s engagement, and the concluding fling at the sober years of a man known to be his contemporary, he added that—"reared as Miss Hurst had been in decent seclusion, and modest and feminine as was her disposition, he had little doubt that, in married life, she would pass with dignity, and unrepurchased, through trials of which women of higher accomplishments were unhappily often the victim." After the discharge of which Parthian dart, he uttered a few fluent words about the beauty of the weather, and hurried off to White's.—

As he drove leisurely along the crowded streets, the acrid thoughts fermenting in that selfish bosom which had flattered itself of being able to regulate its emotions, as the temperature of a hot-house or hot-bath is regulated, by a thermometer of Fahrenheit or Réaumur, were not a little aggravated by the reflection that to this said Jack Honeyfield,—this illiterate jockey,—this less than nothing of a man,—he was indebted for two of the greatest thwartings of his life ;—a first misunderstanding with his mother,—and a last *démêlé* with his heart.—But for his dislike of personal trouble, vengeance would have been indeed sweet!—To convert poor Apol.'s filial deference towards him into a sentiment fatal to the happiness of the future Lady Honeyfield, and consequently to that of her husband, was a temptation he had some difficulty in overcoming.—

Was it or was it not, unconsciously to himself, that, from that day, his deportment towards Miss Hurst partook of the oscillating nature of his feelings?—One moment, he treated her with the insinuating and deferential tenderness due to the future wife of the man he detested as bitterly as was compatible with the lukewarm nature of his calling ;—the next, he was abrupt, sarcastic, almost brutal ;—and poor Apol. was perpetually divided between repentance of some unconscious offence against the only man on earth she wished to please, and gratitude for the pardon she fancied he had conceded to her in consideration of his friendship for her godmother.

On such occasions, her young heart overflowed with thankfulness ; and whenever the evening of an unavowed quarrel and unspoken reconciliation ended with music, a deep and thrilling pathos, sweeter than the studied graces of all the *prime donne* in Europe, mingled with the usual *cantilena* monotony of her singing,—like the sweetness crushed out of the wounded stem of some herb of grace, unkindly bruised and trampled on!—

Lady Rachel, seriously uneasy for the sake of her protégée, (or for her own,) began to contemplate the eligibility of sending her home to the Isle of Wight, at hazard of offending the morose

kinsman who had proved an unflinching friend in her conjugal tribulations. But she had not courage to deprive her house of its fairest ornament, with the certainty that, after the day of Apol.'s departure, Howardson would never cross its threshold. It required more strength of feeling than fashionable life had left her, to appreciate the greatness of her duty as regarded that motherless child.

Sur ces entrefaites, it occurred to her that perhaps the advice of Mauley might be advantageous. But he had been careful to insinuate such formal reserve into the acquaintance subsisting between her and his wife, that it was difficult to invite them to her house.

It required, on the other hand, a prodigious exercise of scheming to accomplish her object of getting Apollonia to spend a day with her friend in Russell Square.

Two months had elapsed since Apol. fulfilled that duty; and her last visit had left a delightful impression on their minds of the sweetness of her temper, her accessibility to simple pleasures, her sportfulness with their handsome children, her good-will towards her fellow-creatures, her humility before God.—It was a real pleasure, therefore, to Mauley and his wife when she proposed to come among them.

But was their present listless, nervous guest, the once bright and joyous Apol.-blossom?—She scarcely seemed to recognise the children,—she scarcely seemed to know that Emma was talking to her.—Her person was there,—her mind elsewhere. Her glances were vague,—her words incoherent,—her voice tremulous.—She appeared to be secretly counting the hours to return to a more congenial circle.

The wise and good Mrs. Mauley was deeply grieved;—not vexed, not piqued, not mortified;—but grieved as a woman who is a mother grieves over the failings of a woman who is a child.—One only remedy suggested itself. She spoke openly, firmly, and courageously, of Howardson.

“At Lady Rachel Lawrance’s,” said she, “you must have frequent opportunities of seeing a man who, but that he once preserved the life of my husband, I should hate and despise?”—

Apol. looked wistfully into Mrs. Mauley’s face; for the name of Howardson did not suggest itself in answer to such an apostrophe. How was it possible that *any one* should hate or despise *him*!—

“I mean Mr. Howardson of Greyoke!” resumed her hostess, steadily,—“with whose mother we were staying last autumn at his beautiful seat;—an excellent mother,—with whom *you*, my dear Miss Hurst, would, I fear, have little sympathy, as the most bigoted of high churchwomen.”

“I should find sympathy for anything or anybody belonging to a person so delightful as Mr. Howardson,” faltered Apol.-blossom.

"Find it then, I entreat you," resumed Mrs. Mauley, "for a dear friend of mine, once bound to him by ties of the fondest affection.—Gertrude Montresor was young and lovely as yourself, and of a station in society equal to his own, when he left no effort unattempted to possess himself of her affections.—I *then* thought,—all her friends thought,—that it was at the instigation of warm affection. I have now reason to believe it was merely because he saw her sought in marriage by several of the first men of her county; and considered it indispensable to his dawning fame as a Lovelace, to carry her off from such competitors."

"You do not think, then, that he really loved her?"—demanded Apol., eagerly.—

"He had all the *appearance* of being passionately attached; and *her* affection was as fervent and sincere as ever warmed the heart of woman!—For a whole year was their engagement kept secret, till the attainment of his majority would entitle him, in spite of all opposition, to make her his wife.—Her family were bent on marrying her to Lord Rainhurst, who was deeply attached to poor Gatty. But she would not hear of it. She disdained *him*,—she disdained all the world for Mr. Howardson; and if it never occurred to her as strange that he should make a mystery of their engagement, thereby exposing her to the importunity of others, it was because she accepted, without inquiry or surprise, every opinion and decision of him to whom she had entrusted the care of her happiness. They corresponded, of course; and judge of her happiness as the day approached which was to entitle *him* to the possession of his fortune, and *her* to the possession of his hand!"—

"Happiness—happiness, indeed!" faltered Apollonia.

"On that long-looked-for day of joy, she received a letter from him urging her to accept the hand of Lord Rainhurst, for that,—for family reasons—their union was impossible!"—

"His mother, then, interposed?"—

"His mother had no power of interposing;—and I have since found, not even the inclination. — But in the interim, Mr. Howardson had been associating at college with a set of fashionable *roués*, who persuaded him that an early marriage is fatal as an apoplexy to a man of the world."

"What cruelty,—what treachery!"—cried Apol., with the deepest sympathy.

"Treachery, indeed,—because cruelty which could be perpetrated with impunity. The Montresors have no son, and their estate goes to a distant cousin; so that, in the old age of Sir Henry, the poor girl was defenceless. Nor was Mr. Howardson less aware that not a syllable of complaint against him would ever escape *her* lips; that, if accused, *she* would defend him,—as she has ever done,—as she does to this moment.—It is only because I, her playmate and companion and the affianced wife of the companion of Mr. Howardson, saw and

knew all this, that I am able to appreciate the character of one of the most heartless men of the day.”—

Apollonia answered no longer:—and though they were sitting together in the dusk, so that neither obtained a view of the other's face, Emma Mauley rightly conjectured that tears were falling from her eyes, like that still small rain of spring, which sinks silently into the grass.

“Despising him from the bottom of my soul as one who for the gratification of his selfish vanity has broken one of the gentlest of human hearts,” observed Mrs. Mauley, “I was grieved to find from my husband that Mr. Howardson had obtained an influence in the house of a relative of his ward. In society, meanwhile, his heartless egotism is thoroughly appreciated. He is perfectly understood to be one of those clever worldlings whom it is dangerous to have as an enemy, but still more fatal to have as a friend. All this, however, does not restore to my poor dear Gertrude the wasted hopes of youth,—the loss of health and happiness.”—

Though not a syllable further passed between the young girl and her admonitress, (her husband happening at that moment to enter the room,) it did not surprise Mrs. Mauley to learn that, a few days afterwards, there arrived a travelling carriage, and Mr. Hurst's old housekeeper, to fetch away his daughter into the country, on pretence that the old gentleman was indisposed.

Soon afterwards, Mr. Mauley was formally apprized that his ward had determined on returning to her convent, till the accomplishment of her majority.

“Apol. is once more safe with the Superioress of the Ursulines,” wrote her father. My infirm health prevents my conducting to her amusement; and the poor girl does not much relish London life. I found her greatly altered in appearance and temper on her return to town, and was easily persuaded that change of air and resumption of her early habits would afford the surest restorative.—Lady Honeyfield concurs with our views; and it is settled among us, that till the period arrives for the celebration of her marriage, she shall abide in Flanders.”—

“An admirable arrangement!” was Mauley's only observation,—little surmising the influence exercised by his wife's revelations in dictating the only alternative by which Lady Rachel Lawrance and her circle could be kept at bay, without unkindness or offence;—for, even to secure her own happiness, Apollonia would not have hazarded the infliction of a pang on her godmother.

Still less did he conjecture, while rejoicing to know that gentle child re-established in the security of the cloister, that she carried with her into that tranquil retreat the germ of a moral disease, contracted during her brief contact with society;—that, like a bird which flutters back for shelter to its nest, with drooping

wing that conceals a fatal wound, all was over in this world for Apollonia.—Another broken heart to be laid to the charge of the man of the world!—Another victim to Modern Chivalry!—Another triumph over the alligator!—

FLIGHT VI.

“ — Quis enim bonus, aut face dignus
Arcana, qualem Cereris vult esse sacerdos,
Ulla aliena sibi credat mala?”

JUVENAL.

The man to soft humanity a stranger,
Is but a dog,—like *Æsop's* in the manger.
(*Translation.*)

FROM the day of Apollonia's departure, Howardson never set foot again in the house of Lady Rachel Lawrance! Justly appreciating the gentle but cheerful nature of Apol-blossom, and conceiving it impossible that such a step as her re-immurement in a convent should proceed from her own inclinations, he attributed to the jealous envious manœuvres of one who, in truth, grieved for the loss of her young friend far more sincerely than himself, a step solely the result of an energetic and generous sense of womanly duty.

How was he to surmise that Gertrude Montresor, rather than Lady Rachel Lawrance, was the cause of the sudden determination of the future Lady Honeyfield!—

For several days, his displeasure at Apollonia's assertion of independence was much such as that of George III. at a similar impertinence on the part of America. So thoroughly was he out of sorts, that the waiters at White's were amazed to hear him declare the tenderest of spring chickens tough and tasteless. His appetite deserted him, and he refused three invitations to dinner.

But for any lasting impression to affect so worldly a nature, is as impossible as to perpetuate a trace on the surface of the ocean; which, after engulfing a fine line-of-battle ship, or graceful frigate, mutters a few faint gurgles to shew where it went down, and then exposes to the laughing sky the same blue smiling surface as before. At the end of a week, Apollonia Hurst was forgotten. New friends crowded the drawing-room in Halkin Street; and Lady Rachel, who had been Pythonized by a fit of enthusiasm into getting up a bazaar for the benefit of some district in the Highlands, devastated by an inundation, had not leisure for assigning motives for the strangeness of her departure. Had she surmised that Howardson's estrangement was a final measure, she might have regarded the loss of Apol. more seriously;—but considering his absence merely as a symptom of the intermittent nature of his regard, to

which she was now pretty well accustomed, she looked forward with certainty to a change of weather.

Could these two creatures of conventional life be expected to conceive the anguish of spirit with which poor Apollonia was prostrating herself at the foot of the altar, in her dreary retreat,—praying to God to remove the plague-spot from her heart, and render it whole and happy as when, only a year before, she knelt among the daughters of HEAVEN?—Could they be expected to imagine the aching hollowness of a bosom compelled to cast forth from its sanctuary of sanctuaries the idol therein secretly enshrined, yet unable at once to replace the dethroned god by a truer divinity?—Could they be expected to picture to themselves the humility with which she implored of the Throne of Grace to release her from life, or from the influence which, as with the force of demoniacal possession, had gained ascendancy over her soul?—Could they be expected to foresee the ineffaceability of feelings which the wise and tender counsel of a mother might perhaps have obliterated; but which the harsh schooling of a director—armed with the caustics of vigil,—fasting,—and penance,—served rather to imprint more deeply in her breast?—Many were the venerable women in that holy sisterhood, who, in the whole amount of their threescore years and ten, had not experienced as much agony of soul or indulged in as bitter self-reviling, as the innocent girl of eighteen, who felt as if, in her brief contact with the world, her nature had been tormented and defeatured by the flames of Gehenna!—*Her* sorrow was not as the milder grief of Gatty Montresor,—soothed in a happy home,—cheered by an affectionate mother, surrounded by the bright and gracious prospects of nature.—Before her eyes lay not a single pleasant object to alleviate the darkness of her spirit. Nothing—nothing was before her but the bars of her convent!—

While poor little Apol-blossom was thus paying the penalty of past happiness, Howardson underwent as much discomposure as could overleap the sevenfold walls of brass wherewith he had encompassed his existence. Professed egoists are careful never to attach their happiness to the society of an individual sufficiently for his loss to occasion a gap in their routine of life; and it was only through an unusually indiscreet partiality for the company of Apol-blossom, that Howardson had been betrayed into assigning so much of his valuable time to Lady Rachel, as for their rupture to leave him with two or three hours per diem unoccupied on his hands. Not that it is difficult for a man, in the enjoyment of *his* advantages of fortune and person, to secure agreeable occupation for his leisure. But it behoved him so to bestow his confidence, as to be secure against further disappointment. The substitutes, male or female, he was about to introduce into the drama of his life, must not be of sufficient ability to obtain undue influence, or conjecture the origin of their introduction. Still less did he choose to be

harassed by the company of fools;—right well aware of the difficulty experienced by a thorough-bred horse in accommodating its pace to that of a herd of asses.

But, alas! in the world inhabited by Howardson of Greyoke, asses predominate;—well-bred, well-fed, well-groomed asses,—and often, spirited as the wild ass of the desert, but still, asses!—The higher we ascend to the lofty places of the land, the more rarefied the atmosphere,—the scantier the herbage; and the inanity of worldly society may be sufficiently inferred from the aptitude of all *têtes à couronne* to welcome to their courts the arrival of any adroit charlatan endowed with powers of agreeability.—A pleasant fellow, anything short of a pickpocket, (and sometimes the full complement thereof,) is sure to succeed among the listless coteries which love to lie languidly extended, while mountebanks and jugglers tumble for their entertainment.

Society does little or nothing for the amusement of society.—Society keeps for its diversion a dozen companies of players, lyrical or dramatic,—hordes of painters and engravers,—novelists and poets,—mimics, ventriloquists, ropedancers, popular preachers, to say nothing of Lords Ellenborough and Brougham.—Society cannot live without its daily and weekly papers,—its monthly and three-monthly periodicals,—its trashery of annuals;—all of which are spun and woven by an army of intelligent martyrs, who invent and execute their literary feats (as we are doing at this present writing) for the diversion of the *ennui* of an overgrown despot, lolling like Ali Pacha on a divan, with a *chibouque* in its mouth, and its bowstring and mutes waiting at the door,—which calls itself the World, and is too insolently and stupidly luxurious to minister to its own diversion.—It can't and it won't!—

Not but that, occasionally, great spirits start up in its dominions,—even as Bœotia had now and then its philosopher.—Nay, the criticality of the positions into which it is enabled to thrust its sons, engender at least the semblance of greatness.—If you place a coward on the top of a wall, he must sit steady, or tumble and break his head. The command of a great army may create a great general; and it is only the wool-sack that condensates a clever lawyer into a lord chancellor.

But let those who stand in need of recreation to cheer a fit of hypochondriacism or spur the lagging pace of Time, declare whether association with the fine world ever did more than add heavily to their depression?—Alas! its Cupids and Mercuries, like those of a Dutch flower-garden, are all of lead;—its arrows of wit being tipped with gold, are blunt at the point. Its choir of minstrels, instead of being versed in joyful rebecs, can tune their harps, like the bear-leader in the “Vicar of Wakefield,” only to the genteel tunes, or dolorous strains of “Willow-willow!”

When Howardson, in utter listlessness of spirit, looked around him for some pleasant associate on whom to bestow the tedious-

ness of his *ennui*, he found the men of brains undergoing, one and all, their sentence on the treadmill of politics;—and during the intervals of their work in the House, no extracting a thought or word from them that did not savour of the jobbing we dignify by the name of Power!—Over the other sex, solitudes of dress and equipage exercised similar ascendancy.—None had sympathy to squander on a weaker brother. Pledged like himself to ego-totalism, they stood in the world, detached, though crowded,—like so many grave-stones in a churchyard!—

“How different from *her*!” mused Howardson, on finding himself deserted by a bevy of beauties, hurrying from a dinner at Tarbolton House to a brilliant ball-room, caring no more for his cheerlessness than though he were one of the sofa cushions. “How different from Apol.’s congenial and compassionate nature!—It would have sufficed to deter her from flying in pursuit of pleasure, that even a dog or bird she left behind was in a state of suffering!—But *she* was a *woman*,—woman to the heart’s core,—intrinsically and above all, a woman!—Whereas Lady Helena yonder and her showy friends have no more heart in their composition than so many china shepherdesses stuck up for ornaments on one’s chimney-piece.”

It did not occur to Howardson to compare *their* love of pleasure with *his* love of ease—and balance the amount of selfishness; persisting only in his decision, that if to secure the society of these triflers it were indispensable to wear down his spirits with the crush of ball-rooms, and harass his nerves by the noise with which the *beau monde* tries to overpower the music of a concert, he preferred seeking amusement at easier cost. “At *his* age he was not going to give in to the alligator.”

Blind to the fact that every step we make from childhood towards five-and-thirty is a step of progress, and every step we make from five-and-thirty to our appointed threescore and ten, a step of decadence, Howardson fancied himself still ascending and ascending, like a silly squirrel in a cage; and that he had risen higher and saw further than his fellow creatures, because the wheel of Fortune, on which his flyship took his stand, was cutting its way triumphantly through the dust of the world.—

That the bevy of beauties by whom he was deserted found him slow and tiresome,—the type of an obsolete set,—a man of yesterday, was a thing undreamed of in his philosophy. Yet even had he guessed it, he would have scorned to vindicate himself by admitting that his oppression of spirits arose from the influence of one of the fairest of their sex!—

Men of the world, so proud of their animosities, and prepared to shoot, at a moment’s notice, the man they hate,—parade an antipathy as a virtue, yet recoil from all imputation of the weakness of love.—Howardson would sooner have robbed a church than have it suspected that his nights were often rendered restless by the haunting of a lovely figure, apparelled in the sober vest-

ments of an Ursuline, but lavishly endowed with that exquisite gift of grace which is the eloquence of beauty.—Had he been candid with his fair friends, he might have begotten sympathy.—As it was, they thought him a bore!—

This very carelessness, while it enraged him, was a merit in his eyes.—They appeared more advanced in Epicurean philosophy than himself. While a tender fibre still vibrated in *his* heart, *they* had attained utter indifference!—For Howardson argued that if indifferent to *him*, they must be callous to everybody and everything;—and so fascinated was he by this striking aspect of the alligator's triply-guarded jaws, as to be in considerable danger.

For once, however, he was preserved by Divine interposition. While idling through his season in town, living the life of those the business of whose day is digestion, (too happy if the interval can be diversified by a new *mot* at White's,—a striking exhibition,—or a saunter on an easy back,) he was roused from his slumbers one morning about noon, with intelligence that he was master of GREYOKE!—

The news was startling, and so long as he was shut up in his room, afflicting.—But, choosing to resist the law of custom and remain a hero to his *valet de chambre*, on ringing for Hemmings to announce their departure for the country, he coolly desired that the express in waiting might be paid, and mourning ordered for the family.

Had the death of his excellent mother been preceded by illness, had he been in attendance upon her and an eye-witness of her pious practices and holy resignation, a salutary influence might have been exercised over his nature. But this mercy was denied him. Mrs. Howardson had expired, as peaceably as she had lived, from the rupture of a vessel in the heart while sleeping in her chair; and those who knew how thoroughly her house was in order, saw in this dispensation only the crowning reward of a life of virtue.

She had therefore sunk away unperceived. The event we do not witness or anticipate, though startling for a moment, is soonest forgotten; and the few hours of preparation which Howardson allowed himself (on pretence of setting out in the cool of the evening, but in reality to gather courage for the melancholy scene to which he was repairing) being sufficiently distracted by emotion to produce a second and severe fit of the gout, the physician, sent for by Hemmings without his knowledge, protested he could not answer for the result of the journey. There was consequently a fair excuse to the world for requesting that Mauley, whom he knew to have been named co-executor of his mother's will, would represent him at the funeral.

The world, nay, even Mauley himself, regarded this sudden illness as supposititious—a mere corollary of his system of sparing himself all painful excitement. But on the return of the

executor from Greyoke, after the mournful ceremony, his first visit to Halkin Street convinced him he was mistaken. The grey tufts on either side the sallow face of Howardson, and the packet of crows' feet at the corner of each eye, were increased in the interim by more than double.

Nevertheless, he spoke cheerfully. Mauley had no right to infer, or at all events to assert, that he was what is called "terribly cut up" by his mother's death.—If a stream had indeed started from the rock, it flowed in secret.—He began to talk of business as though he had been bred in Lincoln's Inn;—begged to be spared, as far as Mauley could be professionally persuaded to take the trouble off his hands, all cares of executorship; and on hearing that, thanks to the admirable regularity of the deceased, they would amount only to a few signatures, desired that the legacies left to the members of her establishment might be doubled. When, however, a compliment to his liberality was extorted from the lips of Mauley, Howardson instantly checked it by exclaiming—"A mere act of policy, my dear fellow, to palliate my resolution to get rid of such a superannuated set from my house!"—

"But you surely mean to reside at Greyoke?" demanded Mauley, with a graver face.

"Certainly—certainly. Where could I find a better country house!"—

"And you will perceive," added the co-executor, "that a last wish to that effect is expressed in the will of its lamented owner."

This was enough to place the good intentions of Howardson among the other paving-stones of a region, the causeways of which are said to be so purveyed.

"I shall certainly visit Greyoke for the shooting season," observed the new proprietor, who had previously intended to spend a tranquil summer among scenes still fragrant with the incense of his mother's virtues.

To another charge in his mother's will, however, he evinced greater submission. In pursuance of a desire she knew to have been entertained by his father, she wished him to lose no time in getting into parliament, and spare no pains in the prosecution of his claim to the barony of Buckhurst; bequeathing five thousand pounds of the thirty she had laid by for him out of her income, for the advancement of this specific purpose.

"If you could manage a seat for me without much trouble," said Howardson to the executor, (of whom the interests of ministers were likely to accelerate the zeal,) "I should not hesitate."—And within a month from the expression of the wish, Howardson of Greyoke added the senatorial initials M. and P. to his "Esq."

"At all events," mused the new member, as he returned to town, after participating in one of those jobs of boroughmongery

which no Reform Bill devised by human wisdom for the better regulation of human corruption will ever extirpate from the manufacture of parliaments,—“at all events, this *corvée*, great as it is, secures me from the still greater one of a sojourn at Greyoke.—I cannot, at present, muster courage for the appalling tranquillity of a country landscape. *Alone*, I dare not confront the place; and it would scarcely be decent to make my first appearance there, escorted by such a caravan as would suffice to exorcise a thousand importunate apparitions.”

It was with a feeling of loathing, however, that Howardson took his seat. His previous electioneering defeat, and, still more, the promotion he had anticipated to the less harassing duties of the Upper House,—(a sleeping volcano, whose eruptions are now so rare as to have become almost a matter of tradition,)—increased his natural reluctance to exertion of any description.—Moreover, he felt ashamed of himself for being there.—It was a derogation from his social position;—it was a capitulation of what *he* called his principles.—

But once embarked in the career, his indolence accommodated itself to his duties as readily as the reason of better men,—as the thinnest stuffs are easiest modelled to a fold. To spare himself the trouble of resistance or excuse, he became as constant an attendant as the most hard-working and exemplary of members.

One night, when the tissue of his reveries did not happen to be of a sufficiently consistent nature to secure him against the worry of hearing the feeble policy of ministers still more feebly defended, and the evil intentions of the opposition still more miserably enounced, it suddenly occurred to him that, as the period of transportation of convicts is sometimes abridged in consideration of the merit of their conduct in the penal colonies, his term of commonalty might be curtailed by the mercy of ministers, in gratitude for more active service than the “*nay*,” which is no more than *nay*, or the “*yea*,” which is only *yea*.—And lo! he suddenly rose upon a country booby who had been pelting the administration with clods which, in his county, passed for arguments; and, applying the finely-edged turf-cutter of wit to those fibrous missiles, reduced the rustic to his proper level—the earth.—

This outburst, which surprised himself almost as much as his party, sprung, (if the truth must be told,) like Asmodeus, out of a bottle; and the plaudits of the House and the daily papers tended to prove that the claret of White’s, like its company, is *première qualité*.—Like some ruffian of the lower orders who wakes in a station house, and is assured that, overnight, he murdered his wife after swallowing a pint of cream of the valley, the honourable member (like Byron, after the publication of “*Childe Harold*”) woke next morning and “found himself famous!”—

Children are often praised into good behaviour;—Howardson was praised into becoming a politician. The redundant gratitude of ministers made it incumbent on him to deserve his laurels; and as he had spoken in the first instance under the excitement of a drunken feverish energy, which brought out his powers of mind as varnish does the colours of a picture, it became indispensable on subsequent occasions to speak *up to himself*.—He had accidentally conquered the ear of the House. To keep it, required the exercise of foresight and discretion:—direful responsibility!—

At the close of the session, Howardson had distinguished himself by no less than three *chef d'œuvres* of eloquence;—of each of which he was able to say to himself, as Richard Brinsley to his friends of his Begum oration, “It *was* a deuced fine speech, and that’s the truth on’t!”—Those of Howardson might be truly said to be *deuced* fine;—emanations from the Pan-demoniacal spirit of landed proprietorship battenning over its corn-bin, like Harpagon over his strong box.

The efforts of the egoist were fated to be repaid in kind. His hopes, liked the weird sisters, had “paltered with him in a double sense;” and so far from finding his services repaid as he expected, he saw that he had only inspired the administration with a sense of their value in the Lower House!—Comparing his eloquence with that of Balaam’s ass, which served to convey reproof to its master, he became thenceforward as mute as a fish; till the councils of the state (judging that, for the support of government, the abilities of Lord Buckhurst were better than no support at all) enabled the gazette to convert Frederick Howardson, Esq., into Baron Buckhurst of Greyoke,—trusting thereby to accomplish the miracle of making the dumb speak.

It almost reconciled him to his inauguration among his ancestral oaks, to have obtained precedence over the stuccoed portico!

THE FAR AWAY.

BY MISS SKELTON.

COME, fill the bowl with rosy wine,
Bid the sparkling rubies shine;
Let each comrade’s ringing glass,
Give token that the toast doth pass,
And all, with solemn accent, say,
“To the health of those so far away.”

Let no shout of boisterous glee,
Nor chant of careless revelry,
Nor mirthful jest, nor laughter rude,
On such a serious theme intrude;
Sadly and gravely let us say,
“To the health of those so far away.”

Lo! our brothers, far they rove—
Far away from home and love;
In every clime beneath the sun,
Wanders some beloved one;
Would that these with us to-day
Might drink “to the health of the far
away!”

Spare not, friends, the foaming wine,
Drink—deeply drink, to this pledge of
mine;
Let each comrade’s ringing glass,
Give token that the toast doth pass,
And all, with solemn accent, say,
“To the health of those so far away.”

THE COUSINS.

BY THE BARONESS DE CALABRELLA.

PART THE SEVENTH, AND LAST.

SIR GERALD remained in town one day longer, much as he longed to be again with Agnes, to tell her that his family name was (he hoped) unstained, and not unworthy of her acceptance. He wished to make such dispositions as would prevent her knowing, at least at present, that her fortune had been appropriated by his cousin. At some future period, when, as he fondly hoped, their interests might have become one, she should know all; but till then, he could not bear that gratitude should be mingled with her love. He wrote to Mr. Hamilton, in some measure to prepare him for the report he had to make of Harry's marriage, and left it to Agnes to confirm the statement.

Late in the afternoon of the following day, he found himself again entering his own park. At the castle, a note awaited him from Mr. Hamilton, begging to see him as soon as he arrived; and, with as little delay as possible, he proceeded on foot to Fairlands. Agnes had strolled into the grounds, and on seeing Sir Gerald approaching, she immediately hastened to join him. She related that her grandfather's anger was so great, on finding that Harry had deceived him, that he had not for some time appeared to consider whether or not her peace might not be still more fatally wounded by the discovery. He had at length called her to him, and said, "My poor child, you must try to forget such a scoundrel;" upon which she had assured him, that she had long felt Harry's attentions to her were those of a brother, and that having returned his regard in the same feeling, she hoped to be allowed a sister's privilege in pleading for him. "Plead for him!" interrupted Mr. Hamilton—"never let me hear you do so. He is an ungrateful scoundrel, I tell you. I wonder what his cousin, Sir Gerald, who was always finding excuses for his follies in former years, will be able to advance in extenuation of this. Married a portionless girl!—that means a pauper—well, I wish him joy of it!—But it shall not be with my credit that he provides for this family of paupers; for, of course, all her relations will expect to live on the rich city merchant. I shall go forthwith to London, and dissolve our partnership, and then where will be his wealth? He has not paid the sum he was nominally to bring into the firm,—I say nominally, for I knew he had it not; but I liked him, and I thought he wanted to marry you, and that would have set all square between us."

While pursuing this train of remarks, Mr. Hamilton sank into his usual evening's nap; and Agnes had proceeded to take her customary walk, in which she had been joined by Sir Gerald. Their conversation was long, and in some respects painful, for Sir Gerald had a tale of early sorrow and disappointment to confide; and though Agnes begged him to defer the relation of anything that would distress him, he said, "No, Agnes; it is due to you that I should at once explain the past. Had I spoken to you of it a year ago, when nothing but the report of your being Harry's affianced bride prevented my doing

so, it would have been with a view of beseeching you to accept a widowed heart; but the torture I have endured in believing another preferred—the fierce and unavailing struggle I have had to conquer my love for you—and the unknown, and till now undreamt-of joy, at finding that you are free, convince me that till now my heart was never filled. What I felt for Evelyn was sweet and affectionate—but it was not the overwhelming passion that now engrosses my whole soul.”

What a relief did Agnes experience, as she heard him pronounce the name of “Evelyn!” It was by that name Mrs. Stanley had called her cousin, whose death she had spoken of; and though nothing had seemed real in Agnes’ vague and undefined suspicions of Mrs. Stanley, she had always heard her speak of Sir Gerald with an uneasy feeling. Now all seemed explained;—the one word “Evelyn,” dispelled the mist which had dimmed her thoughts of both. But before Sir Gerald could enter on his tale, a servant approached to summon Miss Hamilton to her grandfather; and on recognising her companion, he observed—“It is to dispatch a note to the castle, Sir Gerald, to ascertain if you had returned, for which Miss Hamilton’s presence is required.”

“I will follow you, then, immediately,” said Sir Gerald, as Agnes hastened into the house. She did not find her grandfather’s mind much calmed by his slumbers; in fact, he told her he had been dreaming that the young scoundrel had robbed as well as deceived him, and Agnes was delighted to see Sir Gerald enter, and to leave them together.

Mr. Hamilton’s mind was so thoroughly commonplace, all his feelings were so matter-of-fact, that Sir Gerald knew the sooner he came to the leading feature which caused his auditor’s anger and distress, the better they should understand each other, and the sooner Harry’s name would be freed from the epithets he could not hear applied to him without impatience, when he remembered, that however guilty his cousin had been, it was Mr. Hamilton’s interference and obstinate determination which had caused him to embark in a mode of life at variance with every thought and feeling of his young mind; and but for the thought of Agnes, the present interview would most likely have concluded his intercourse with Mr. Hamilton. But the recollection of his being her grandfather, restrained his words; and, as shortly as he could, he explained that his cousin was fully sensible of his fault, in not having openly avowed his marriage—“a marriage,” added Sir Gerald, “which he was perfectly in a situation to make, as his receipts from the firm were fully adequate to the support of an establishment.”

“Oh! you think so, do you?” interrupted Mr. Hamilton. “But suppose he had no right to those receipts beyond my pleasure—suppose he never fulfilled the terms of the contract which was to make him a partner—what becomes of the receipts then?—what is to provide for the portionless wife then! Do you suppose, Sir Gerald, that I shall allow the partnership to exist an hour after I can reach London?”

“It no longer exists,” replied Sir Gerald. “My cousin’s directions to me, before he left England, were, to take immediate steps for its dissolution, which I have accordingly done.”

Mr. Hamilton appeared much surprised—perhaps he was as much hurt as surprised;—the blow he meant to deal so mercilessly (for, it

must be remembered, he was ignorant of any act of delinquency beyond the clandestine marriage) was arrested. His conduct to Harry Danvers had never known any medium: pleased and flattered by his adoption of the views he had placed before him, in direct opposition to his cousin's anxious and disinterested entreaties, he looked on him as a creation of his own; and Harry's great popularity, and the high favour in which he stood with all classes, were considered by the merchant as so many reflections of his own perspicacity and sound judgment, in the choice he had partly flattered and partly piqued him into accepting. As he advanced in years, he looked forward to Harry's quickness and decision as a prop and a resting-place. He was not proof against the extreme seduction of his manner; and ere he had been long a nominal partner in the house, Mr. Hamilton became a secondary person in his own firm. Harry's will and Harry's influence became even here as omnipotent as they had long been considered in the world of fashion. While in the full blaze of power, Mr. Hamilton had been his ardent worshipper; now, he had fallen from his high meridian, and Mr. Hamilton would fain have played the tyrant. This was no longer in his power; Sir Gerald's arrangements had left his cousin free from all dependence but on him.

Convinced that in Mr. Hamilton's present frame of mind it would be unwise to urge his suit or give utterance to his wishes regarding Agnes, Sir Gerald took his leave without even waiting for her return to the drawing-room; and finding how liable to interruption his conversation with her would always be, he sat down, at once determined to write the tale he wished her to be in possession of.

Ere Agnes had left her room in the morning, the following manuscript was put into her hands; and, relieved from every mistrustful feeling by the name of Evelyn having been pronounced, she was able calmly to enter on its perusal:—

"It is necessary for my peace," wrote Sir Gerald, "that the whole of my life should be known to you, before I venture to ask your grandfather's permission to address you. You must then decide whether you think me still worthy to be trusted with a treasure so dear to me, that I cannot allow you to be ignorant of a circumstance which, with some women, might militate against my hopes. Agnes! much as I love you, much as I glory in the hope that I am not indifferent to you, I would not owe your affection to any concealment. I must be loved for what I am, or—but I will not unnerve myself for the task before me by frightful fears.

"At an early age, almost immediately on leaving college, I went abroad, in company with Mr. Stanley. We made what is called the grand tour; and were about to return home, when some friends at Florence urged our going with them to Naples for a few weeks, and all coming home together. Stanley wished to get back to England; but, ever the kindest and least selfish being I have ever known, he gave way to my evident wish to join the party. Soon after our arrival in Naples, we became much interested in the appearance of two ladies who were pointed out to us as our countrywomen. They were residing in an Italian palazzo belonging to the elder one, who also bore an Italian title: their surpassing beauty first attracted our attention; and there was a mournful expression of subdued but not forgotten sorrow in the countenance of the Marchesa de Piombo, that rivetted

my attention wherever we met, while the more lively countenance of Miss Vavasour created an equal sympathy in Stanley's feelings.

"We soon discovered that the marchesa was a widow, and that both before and since her marriage, she and her cousin had never been separated. They were frequently accompanied by the marchesa's infant son; and a service which Stanley was at hand to render to this child, (who, you will easily guess, was no other than poor Giulio,) obtained for us an acquaintance with the mother, which we had been informed would not be granted to any strangers, her whole life being centered in her orphan boy, and her seclusion rarely broken in upon except by some member of his father's family. By degrees, our acquaintance ripened into intimacy. Stanley became the accepted lover of Mary Vavasour; but she would not fix any period for their union: 'It must depend,' she said, 'on her cousin's health and spirits.' For some time I was so occupied in forming plans for the happiness of my friend, that I did not ask myself what were my own feelings respecting the marchesa; but when Miss Vavasour pressed on Stanley the propriety of his returning home to take possession of the living he now holds, and which had become vacant about that time, as it might perhaps be many years ere their engagement could be fulfilled, I found my own reluctance to leave Naples as great as his. Miss Vavasour remarked to Stanley, 'that a great change had taken place in the marchesa's state, and that, should it continue, her scruples at leaving her would be removed;' and I could not help fancying this change had, in some measure, been effected by my constant endeavour to draw her from her grief. In the early part of our intimacy, she would often be for days together in her own apartment, accessible only to her cousin and her child; but latterly, she had been constantly in the reception-rooms of the palazzo, and had an evident pleasure in my society. Stanley and Mary Vavasour were so occupied with each other, that, as a matter of course, in our walks and drives, the marchesa was left to my companionship; and this constant intercourse led to an avowal of attachment from me, which met with no repulse from her, but seemed to cause so much distress to her cousin, that I was at a loss to comprehend her conduct.

"Stanley, with whom I had lived on the terms of a brother, adopted Miss Vavasour's opinion, and used every argument to deter me from this marriage. The jealousy of the Italian family—the certainty that they would separate Evelyn from her child, and not allow it to leave the land of its birth—the habits of Italian life, so at variance with our English customs—the idolatry which Evelyn herself appeared to feel for all that belonged to that country,—were brought forward to prevent a union, which Miss Vavasour knew but too well would, in all probability, be one of misery. About this time, Evelyn was again for days shut up in her room; Miss Vavasour, as on former occasions, her sole companion; even her child was this time kept from her presence; and this privation was bitterly complained of by the affectionate boy. Hurt and wounded by the reserved or equivocal answers given by Miss Vavasour to my anxious inquiries, and the child's earnest prayers for admittance to his mother's apartments, I determined to enter them in search of her attendants, when I was arrested by the voice of Evelyn, raised to an unnatural pitch, in angry

dispute; her expressions were fearful to listen to; and though every word seemed to torture my soul, I was spell-bound to the spot. Miss Vavasour suddenly opened the door of the ante-chamber, and, on perceiving me, seemed for a moment doubtful whether to come forward or retreat; but after a pause, she closed the door, and approached close to where I was standing. Just then, Evelyn began to sing; and Miss Vavasour exclaimed, 'Poor soul! the paroxysm has passed! Oh! Sir Gerald, you now know why I would prevent your marrying my cousin. Our secret is now in your possession, and my poor Evelyn's sad state in the keeping of another!' Alas! it was too manifest!—the woman to whom my hand was pledged was a *maniac*!

"I pass over my feelings at this discovery. When I became calm enough to listen to her, Miss Vavasour acquainted me that the marchesa's marriage had been one of deep and passionate regard; that her life had seemed to hang on the smile of her husband; that within a year of their marriage, without any previous malady, while intent on admiring his wife's appearance when waiting for their carriage to convey them to a court-ball, he suddenly reeled, fell at her feet, and without sigh or groan was a corpse.

" 'Evelyn's screams,' continued Miss Vavasour, 'brought me into the room,—there to behold the lifeless husband and frenzied wife! No gleam of reason was apparent for two months; at the expiration of which time, she was delivered of a seven-months' child; and the medical attendants hoped some change might take place in her malady; but it remained unaltered till Giulio had nearly attained his first year, and then it was remarked that the child's presence appeared to soothe her; and at length she would notice and play with him, though without any distinct notion of his being her child. Change of scene was advised; and we travelled for nearly three years, during which time poor Evelyn's reason became clearer, and for short intervals she would appear to be in the possession of it; but the slightest movement would arrest the feeble light, and she would relapse into frenzy. Nothing can exceed the kind consideration and sympathy shewn and felt by all her late husband's family; every precaution has been taken to prevent her misfortune from becoming generally known; and during the last four years, such an amelioration has taken place, that many, like you, have been in her society unsuspecting of the fact. But, as you may remember, at the first idea of your attachment for Evelyn, I said all, and indeed much more than you could have supposed me privileged to say, to deter you from prosecuting it. It was a difficult position for me, Sir Gerald. I saw that an interest was awakened in my cousin's mind, and I hoped it might become the stay of her tottering reason, and for some time it appeared so; but, alas! this hope has since vanished completely; and her latter paroxysms having been much more violent than for some preceding years, I am forced to believe in the medical opinion, that any violent emotion or feeling would be likely again to fix the malady, and leave it without intermission. It is only this very day,' said she, 'that I have been speaking to an uncle of Giulio's about the propriety of removing him for a time from her sight, for it is impossible to answer for the effect his sudden presence might have on her. God only knows,' continued she, weeping bitterly, 'how long I may be allowed to remain near her!'

“Miss Vavasour’s fears were verified; for poor Evelyn soon became so much worse, that none but strangers were permitted to approach her; and after some months, during which her attendants became more and more convinced that her malady had become incurable, Miss Vavasour gave her hand to Stanley, and proceeded with him to take possession of his vicarage, while I obtained the sanction of the family to set out with the little Giulio on a tour. When we returned to Naples, no amelioration had taken place in his mother’s state; and my own affairs requiring my presence in England, I relinquished Giulio (to whom I had become tenderly attached) to the care of his father’s family, and came home a bankrupt in heart, without any prospect of relief; for while Evelyn lived, my honour seemed engaged; and yet I felt that we never could be more than we were to each other. Desolate as I considered my lot, the thought of ever making a woman who had been so unfortunately afflicted my wife, was at variance with my reason and my principles.

“The communications from Italy were constant, either to Mrs. Stanley or myself. They brought no tidings of change, till one day the former received a letter from the medical attendant, saying that the life of his patient was fast waning to a close; but that as her physical strength decreased, her mental energy seemed to revive—that she now frequently spoke of her cousin and of me, with a wish to see us, and that the realization of this desire would possibly now shed comfort on her dying hour—an hour which could not, in all human probability, be far distant. Mrs. Stanley’s situation, on the eve of becoming a mother, rendered her undertaking this journey impossible; but it was a moment of sad trial to her. That you, Agnes, are by some means acquainted with the painful scene which took place between us on that occasion, I am aware; for I have by accident seen it portrayed by your pencil, at the same time that another drawing met my delighted gaze—your sweet and pious record of the date of my poor Giulio’s death! Oh, Agnes! how my heart longed to thank you for your sympathy! but I could not trust myself to speak to you, while I considered you Harry’s betrothed wife, on any subject which, by calling forth the tenderness of my feelings, might have laid them bare to your view, and shewn you how devotedly I had dared to love you.

“But I must return to my tale. After a rapid journey, I arrived at Naples time enough to behold Evelyn still alive, and, though weak and exhausted, in the perfect possession of her reason. Her wish to see me was chiefly induced by her newly-awakened anxiety for her child. She wished me to become his personal guardian, and to rear him in my own religious faith. ‘Such,’ she said, ‘had been the condition of her marriage with his father, and such,’ added she, ‘would have been my care had God seen fit.’ His father’s family, aware of this fact, and feeling their incapacity to undertake the task, willingly conceded to her dying wishes their legal claim to the guardianship of the orphan, who was heir to the family estates; and, as though her soul had but lingered on earth to receive this promise, she expired without a struggle on hearing it given.

“As soon as the legal forms respecting Giulio’s property could be got through, I returned with my adopted child to Rashleigh. And

now, Agnes, all that has been hidden from the world in my past life is before you, and on your decision the happiness of the future rests. I will not attempt to hurry you, for I feel sure that when suspense is over in your own mind, you will not allow it to torture mine."

During the perusal of this long letter, Agnes had sympathized deeply in the various feelings it portrayed. There was nothing she could have wished altered, except, indeed, the fact that Sir Gerald had loved before he knew her. Again and again she read over the part in which he described his feelings for Evelyn, and at every perusal the unpleasant idea became fainter, till at length she persuaded herself that the sentiment was not, could not have been the same, as that which now filled both their hearts. And Agnes was right; for in Sir Gerald's early attachment there had been far more of pity than of love.

On descending to the breakfast-room, she found her grandfather already seated there; and as he imprinted the kiss of affection on her brow, she dutifully bent to him as she inquired after his health. He said, "I was hasty last night, and fear I may have offended Sir Gerald, so I have sent to ask him to come over here to breakfast. The fact is, I am cruelly disappointed in Harry; I had hoped to see you two comfortably settled in a home of your own, for when I am gone, who will take care of you, my poor child?"

At this moment, Sir Gerald was announced; Mr. Hamilton shook him cordially by the hand. His eyes sought Agnes, and in her speaking countenance he beheld with delight the assurance that his confidence had not been unfavourably received. There was a bright and sunny smile, as she put out her hand, that banished all doubt of her affection from his mind.

As soon as breakfast was concluded, Agnes arose to go, and as Sir Gerald opened the door for her, he whispered, "May I speak to your grandfather at once, my beloved?" A slight pressure of the hand assured him that he might do so, and Mr. Hamilton himself led the way to it, by speaking of the anxiety Harry's conduct had left on his mind respecting his grand-daughter's establishment. "Every one," said he, "has been kept aloof by her supposed engagement to your cousin, and at my age, and with my growing infirmities, her future fate is become a subject of serious moment to me."

After some few expressions of the attachment he had long felt for Agnes, Sir Gerald asked, with all the timidity of one who feels that his happiness depends much on the answer he is to receive, "if his former guardian would fear to trust him with his grand-daughter's happiness?"

Mr. Hamilton was so completely taken by surprise, that, at first, he could not speak. He could not but perceive the advantages of such a proposal—but he was one of those people who scarcely believe any result, however good, to be so, if brought about by different means from those they had themselves imagined; and though he gave his consent, and congratulated them both, there was something not quite in harmony with his wishes. He could not but feel his child's happiness would be safe as the wife of Sir Gerald, but he had wished to see her united to Harry. This little feeling of dissatisfaction, however, was gradually dispelled by the noble and generous sentiments which shone

forth, as Sir Gerald's character became more and more intimately known to him; and when he gave his dutiful and affectionate Agnes to Sir Gerald Danvers, at the altar of their parish church, where the ceremony was performed by Mr. Stanley, he acknowledged to himself, that had his own project been fulfilled, he should not have felt so convinced that her peace was secured.

Harry Danvers remained abroad some years, and then, feeling himself to be trusted, he besought his cousin's influence to obtain for him a situation in the diplomatic line. He was shortly after appointed consul at —, where the natural fascination of his manner, and the strict but courteous discharge of his duties, rendered him a favourite with every one. He continued to reside abroad till his family were grown up, and then a marriage took place between his eldest son and Sir Gerald's daughter — thus strengthening the bonds of affection between the cousins.

THE FARM-HOUSE.

A LEGEND OF 1792.

BY CHARLES OLLIER, AUTHOR OF "FERRERS."

"Why, then, poor mourner, in what baleful corner
Hast thou been talking with that Witch, the Night?"—OTWAY.

SILENCE and seclusion are often the nurses of wisdom: they prompt meditation, induce study, and aid inquiry. But they exert this beneficial influence only on strong and healthy minds: upon the weak, they prey like demons, either nourishing unhallowed thoughts, begetting strange delusions, or yielding their victim to the torture of some wild monomania. The incidents we are about to relate will prove the truth of this latter position.

Finely situated, though lonely, was the farm-house of Leonard Haselhurst, in Wiltshire. If the domestic comforts of a pleasant home, monied competence, fertile lands, a good wife, and healthy children, could make a man happy, Haselhurst might have revelled in absolute content; and so he did, for several years after he had inherited the property realized by his father. But, alas! this *worldly* fortune was not his only inheritance: he had derived from nature a mind of morbid sensitiveness; and, in the year of which we write, the gloomy and disastrous state of Europe, when the French Revolution had nearly reached its climax of horror, sank into his soul and depressed his faculties. Leonard was a loyal and religious man; and he trembled to think, as was but too probable, that the democratical mania would destroy the political and ecclesiastical institutions of this country. Riots had broken out in different parts of England, particularly at Birmingham and Manchester; Jacobin clubs were held in London and the provinces; doctrines of equality were openly asserted; societies were formed for the express purpose of corresponding with the levelers of Paris; tumultuous and seditious meetings disturbed the peace of our land, and symptoms of anarchy were everywhere visible. All this distressed Haselhurst beyond measure. Nevertheless, had he

been blessed by neighbours in whose society the current of his thoughts might have received a new direction, he would possibly have escaped from under the shadow of those heavy clouds of imagination that hung over him like a pall.

And yet nothing could be more cheerful than Leonard's household—nothing prettier than his residence—nothing snugger than his homestead—nothing more abundant than his barns and ricks and poultry-yard—nothing more health-inspiring than the breezy tract of country by which his farm was surrounded. But all was solitary; and solitude was a curse (though he did not distinctly apprehend it) to Farmer Haselhurst. The situation of his dwelling-place was on one of those broad and undulating downs which stretch over part of the county of Wilts, and which give, especially to the vicinities of Salisbury and Marlborough, so lonesome a character. In a certain direction, the extent of the green plain spreading itself around Leonard's habitation, could not be traced. Nothing interfered with the sweep of the eye to the far horizon: no houses, no hedges, no streams, no groups of wood, no white road with moving objects. But at the back, the view, though still expansive, was determined by a swelling upland crested, for several miles with a thick grove of various trees, broken in its outline, by little inlets or glades—*estuaries* (so to speak) of open land into forest borders. This was the only change presented by earth to break the wide uniformity of prospect from Haselhurst farm; unless a variety might be obtained in summer from the motley-coloured crops, exhibiting patches of bright gold, sober brown, glowing purple, tender green, or deep emerald. The air, indeed, at times, was busy with its shifting pageant of clouds, seen to unusual advantage in that open place—glorious apparitions which invest the face of heaven with endless diversity of form and colour, presenting to the mariner, or town-dweller, or sojourner on monotonous plains, a series of rich and gorgeous pictures—*sky-scapes*—which redeem the uninteresting sameness of nearer objects.

“Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forkèd mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air.”

All this, however, had little movement and no sound; and it fed the melancholy of a hypochondriacal man: there was nothing to put life into the stagnation of sick thoughts.

But if such was the character of this far-spreading scene, the farmhouse, in itself, was exceedingly picturesque and cheerful. The main part of the dwelling was covered by a ponderous roof, having two dormer windows breaking from out its red and sloping pantiles, like diminutive huts. At each side of the front, was a wing with a sharp and peaked top, being, indeed, the gables of other buildings joined to the centre, but running at right angles with it. The entrance-porch, festooned with creeping plants, intermixed with honeysuckle and monthly roses, had a room over it, and was covered by a separate roof. Of the lower apartments, flanking the porch, the windows descended to a soft lawn forming part of the garden; and the grey stone walls of the structure were enlivened by the differently-tinted foliage of trees

trained against them. The winding gravel walks, and circular patches of short, well-shaven turf, seen from this aspect of the dwelling, almost forbade the idea of its being a farm-house. But behind, the well-stocked yard, crowded with ricks of hay and other agricultural produce, attested its real character. The whole was enclosed with the rough stone wall, constructed without mortar, which is common to that part of Wilts, and its neighbouring shire of Somerset.

It was unlucky, as far as his mind was concerned, that Haselhurst should have succeeded to a handsome property. Had he been obliged to toil for the acquisition of money, as his father had done, and attend the markets personally, the ideas which now were a source of torment could not have exerted such mastery over him. To the solicitations of his wife, (who saw with pain his deepening melancholy,) that he would go to the market-towns, he turned a deaf ear. He could afford to be a "gentleman-farmer," and the disposal of his produce could be managed by deputy. Of the care and culture of his land, however, he himself undertook the superintendence; and he would frequently be abroad, without a companion, overlooking the growth of his crops and the tillage of his acres. He was diligent, moreover, in the supervision of his accounts, so that any fraud in that way was impossible. Thus, as his farm was on a large scale, as his domestic expenses were not great, and as he saw no company,—from being originally rich, he became richer, until, as a measure of precaution against the levelling and destructive spirit of the time, when he believed property in land to be peculiarly insecure, he resolved that he would bring up his sons to liberal professions, but that not one of them should become a farmer.

We have said that for several years after Leonard came into possession of his farm, he was happy and content; but he was never gay. And even then, a sagacious observer might have detected the seeds of a malady which, in its development, would be likely to assume a formidable shape. Still, the triumphant spirit of young manhood kept it down; and it was only when his children approached adolescence, that his nerves began to give way. He had three sons and one daughter, and he now felt that parental anxiety was a weighty and a fearful thing. Was it likely that all his offspring would grow up and thrive, as he had thriven? Might not one of his sons become dissipated, and so bring a blot upon his name? might not another be doomed to encounter crushing misfortunes? or, worse than all, was it not possible that they should by and by be tainted with the revolutionary opinions and infidelity with which the detestable and sanguinary anarchists of France had inoculated many Englishmen? The times were fearful; and Fate might have in store for him many evils. If his sons were thus exposed to a baneful chance, it was also possible that his only daughter might be reserved for the irremediable wretchedness of an unhappy marriage.

Thus industriously perverse was Leonard's gloomy spirit in anticipating misfortunes! But though he brooded over his fears, he was not idle in devising means by which such contingencies could best be averted; and it occurred to him that the safest method of regulating the disposition of his children, and keeping them in the right path, was to bestow upon them a good education.

With this view, he sent his eldest son, Martin, to the well-known public grammar-school at Bath, intending that the others should follow when they were old enough. From time to time, he received from

one of the tutors of the academy, such good accounts of young Haselhurst's progress in his studies, and of his many virtues, that our farmer was confirmed in his opinion that he had taken the true means to ensure the future respectability and happiness of his son. But Leonard seldom heard from the boy himself; and even the few letters he had from him were brief, and not written with the elasticity of spirit belonging to youth. The farmer, however, whose mind was pre-occupied with an idea that he had taken the wisest step for his boy, failed to perceive these symptoms.

Notwithstanding the comfort derived from a notion that his son was fitting himself to become a good member of society, Haselhurst's melancholy increased upon him. Autumn had arrived; harvest was over; and the busy hands that had enlivened the solitude of the farm, were dispersed. Silence domineered again over the whole vicinity. Meantime, accounts, more alarming than ever, were in circulation, not only as to the desperate state of neighbouring nations, but as to England itself. Tom Paine's execrable book, called "The Rights of Man," was in universal circulation. Riots increased in every part of the kingdom. The spirit of rebellion was abroad. Assassinations and massacres were common things on the Continent, and might become so among us.

Winter came on. To the loneliness of Haselhurst farm was now added the desolation of frost and snow and howling winds. But what need the inmates of that comfortable mansion care for the savage nature of the weather? Though a bleak and freezing wilderness was around them, warmth, light, and plenty were within their walls. With roaring fires, soft beds, abundant food, and generous liquors, they could defy the ceaseless, ice-blowing winds, and the long darkness of the surrounding wild. To Leonard, however, these consolations availed little; he could not shake off his forebodings.

One night, when he was seated alone with his wife, he said, "Esther, my dear, we fancy ourselves in security; but a terrible time is coming on us."

"You are deceived, Leonard," said she—"deceived by low spirits; you must rouse yourself. What have we to fear?"

"Is it possible," returned the farmer, "that you can be blind to the signs of the times? A diabolical spirit is abroad, and it will overwhelm us all. Look at the horrible events in France—the inhuman butchery of three thousand men and women in Paris last September—the approaching execution of the poor, meek Louis—the reign of terror!"

"It will not approach our shores, Leonard," responded Esther. "The faith, the loyalty, the steadfastness of our middle-classes will save us."

"How know we that?" demanded Haselhurst. "Did not that fiend, Ankerstroom, murder the King of Sweden in the spring of this year? And only last month, were not five hundred white people butchered by the black devils of St. Domingo? Are not these atrocities perpetrated in the name of Liberty and Equality? May God," continued he, rising and smiting the walls of the apartment—"may God strike those pernicious words out of human language! 'There's nothing level in our cursed natures but direct villany!' Did not the ferocious mutiny of the Bounty indicate the general rage of insubordination? But vengeance has fallen at last on some of the evil-doers. Three of

those ocean-ruffians have met their doom on the gallows; there's some comfort in that—some comfort! Blood will have blood!"

"Leonard," said his wife, quietly, and no longer attempting to argue with him, "it is very late—near midnight. You are excited—you want sleep. See, the fire is going out; let us to bed. You will be better for a night's rest."

"Rest!" echoed he—"rest, on the brink of a volcano! I can't rest. Our country is in a flame!—our possessions are in danger!—we may be beggars to-morrow, if not corpses on our own threshold! Who can sleep with such perils raging about him?"

Though she was not altogether unprepared for such an outbreak, Esther had never seen her husband so agitated as now. She was about to address some soothing words to him, when a low knock was heard at the porch-door. "What is that?" exclaimed Haselhurst, looking wildly about him. "We are beset. Call up the men! See to the children! Great God, our time is come! But we will die with arms in our hands," continued he, taking a brace of pistols from the chimney-piece. "Don't be aghast, Esther; I told you what was approaching. I am prepared. All *you* have to do is to wake our men, and then stay by the children."

As Leonard's wife disappeared, the knocking was repeated. Our farmer took a pistol in each hand, uttered a short ejaculation to heaven, and then walked calmly to the door. "Who is there?" demanded he. "What do you want? Speak!"

"Father!" was faintly exclaimed from without.

Haselhurst knew the voice. In an instant, amazed as he was, he drew back the bolts, opened the door, and his son Martin staggered in, and fell at his full length on the passage-floor. For a moment the farmer looked at his child in mute bewilderment. He felt his face; it was very cold; but as the youth breathed freely, Leonard concluded that he was suffering chiefly from the severity of the weather. Lifting him gently in his arms, he carried him to the parlour, laid him on the rug before the fire, and then went to the stairs to call his wife.

"Esther, Esther," exclaimed he, "come down! Here is our boy, Martin! Why he has arrived at this time of night, I know not; but nothing else is the matter. Come down!"

The mother did not need a second bidding; but rushed to the room, and beheld her son. Without uttering a word, she knelt down by him, took off his sodden shoes, chafed his feet, raised him, and supported his head against her side. "Make some warm wine and water quickly, Leonard," said she. An instant sufficed to prepare the mixture, when Esther, having ascertained that the temperature of the draught was not too hot, held it to her child's lips, and administered it by slow degrees. By this means Martin was restored to consciousness, and could now be placed in an arm chair. He looked his thanks, poor fellow! to his two parents, but did not speak.

"Ask him no questions to-night," whispered Mrs. Haselhurst to her husband; "that is, none connected with this unlooked-for arrival. Our only care must now be to recover him. We shall know all to-morrow." Then turning to her son, "Martin, my dear," said she, "shall I get some supper for you?" The boy looked hard into his mother's face—it was a beseeching look, imploring her, as plainly as words could do, not to be angry with him. He then burst into tears.

"Be comforted, my dear, dear Martin," said she, kissing him. "We are glad to see you, love; very, very glad. Speak to him, Leonard."

"May Heaven bless you, my boy!" said Haselhurst, solemnly.

"See, dear Martin," resumed his mother, "here is supper for you. You must want it, I am sure."

"I have not eaten this whole day," sobbed the boy; "and I have walked a weary distance. It was painful, mother, to struggle through so much snow."

"Well, well, we will not talk of it now, dearest," said Mrs. Haselhurst. "Eat, my child; and after your food, you shall have a warm bed. Whatever you have to say, will best be said to-morrow."

Having taken the refreshment of which he was sorely in need, Martin repaired to his chamber; and when his mother had seen that he was comfortably asleep, she returned to her husband, whom she found pacing about the parlour in great agitation.

"What can all this mean?" exclaimed he. "Has he committed some offence, and so been expelled? or have the boys emulated the madness of others, and rebelled against the authority set over them?"

"Nothing of the kind, I'll answer for it," replied Esther. "Our Martin is too good—too gentle—too obedient. All will be satisfactorily explained in the morning. Let us lie down with that conviction. Come, Leonard, come."

"The moral plague-spot is upon us—the dire frenzy of the age!" ejaculated Haselhurst, as he strode towards his room. There was no sleep, however, on that night for either of the parents. But the poor weary boy slumbered heavily, and appeared next morning at the breakfast-table with renewed strength.

His story was soon told. Martin was a thoughtful, studious, meek-spirited youth, unfitted to encounter the persecution with which boys at public schools torment all new-comers. For a time, he hoped to mitigate the brutality of his juvenile oppressors, by passive endurance. But, according to the malignity of some natures, this only made matters worse; and at length, like Cowper the poet, in a similar situation, he was so depressed, that the hours of play were to him hours of agony. He stood alone and unsupported, a mark for thoughtless tyranny. The Christmas holidays drew nigh; and for more than a week before the actual "breaking-up," the school was like a bear-garden. Because Martin was unresisting, every device was put in practice to harass and torture him; till, scared by his persecutors, the poor victim absconded; and, without money, travelled on foot from Bath to his father's house—a distance of about twenty miles. Hunger and cold, and clogging snow, kept him on the road till midnight.

In this account Haselhurst deeply sympathized; but it opened new sources of uneasiness within his breast. Martin and his two brothers resembled each other exactly. If one was not fitted to buffet with the world, neither were the others. This reflection weighed deeply upon Leonard.

"Cursed that I am!" exclaimed he to himself—"my children can never get on in this life! One of them has been tried, and has been forced, for want of a proper spirit, to run away from school—an object for the scoffs and derision of other boys. He can never go back. The name of Haselhurst will be a theme for scorn and laughter! Cursed that I am!"

Poor, moody, hypochondriacal Leonard! hadst thou talked over this matter with other men, thou wouldst have found in it no cause for alarm. But thou wert solitary, and the insubstantial phantoms of thy brain obscured thy reason.

A little before twilight on the day following Martin's return, Haselhurst strolled out upon the lonely downs, and did not rejoin his family till between nine and ten o'clock. If they had been alarmed at his unusual absence, they were more so at his appearance when he entered the house. His eyes were wild and his face haggard—he spoke incoherently to his wife and children. Mrs. Haselhurst did her best to compose him, and thought she had succeeded, for he laid his head on the back of his chair, and fell asleep.

In about half an hour, he awoke, when, staring at the picture of his wife, which hung over the mantel-piece, he suddenly ejaculated, "Who has done this?"

"Done what, Leonard?" said Esther.

"Look at the picture!" exclaimed he, starting from his chair. "The face—your face, Esther, has faded! What is that dim shape bending over it? God of heaven! 'tis a shadow of myself. Who has done it? Why are such devilish tricks played off upon me—upon me, who cannot bear them! Turn it to the wall—I will not look upon it!"*

The insanity of the poor man was now evident. He had brooded over imaginary disasters until his rational faculties were overpowered. Assistance and advice could not be procured at that late hour; and Mrs. Haselhurst, after vain attempts to convince him of his delusion, succeeded in persuading him to seek repose. When she herself retired to her chamber, she found her husband apparently asleep; therefore, hoping that his paroxysm was over, and that slumber would restore him, she offered up a prayer for his preservation from the worst of earthly afflictions, and consigned herself to the rest she so much needed.

But who shall describe her consternation on awaking in the morning? Her husband was not by her side! Almost wild with apprehension, she hastily wrapped herself in a dressing-gown, and went to the house-door. It was bolted, as she had left it the night before. She then opened the parlour-door, and encountered a blast of cold air. The window had been thrown up! Haselhurst had stealthily left the house this way.

Bewildered, frantic, fearing the worst, the poor woman—for it was now dawn—gazed around her in every direction. A terrible sight soon met her eyes. Two men of the farm were seen bearing between them a human body, of which the head was frightfully disfigured. The truth was now apparent, and Esther, uttering a piercing scream, fell senseless on the floor.

Unhappy Haselhurst! Waking from a delirious slumber, he had left his bed without disturbing his wife—had entered the parlour, taken one of his pistols, and then, opening the window, left the house. Having withdrawn himself to the extremity of the inclosure, in order that the report of the weapon should not reach the ears of his family, he then and there shot himself. His body was found by two of his men, as they were going to their early work.

* This incident of the picture is derived from Hone's "Table-Book."

AN EVENING AT DYÁR-BEKÍR.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

DYAR-BEKIR is a large town, and one of the strongest and most ancient fortresses on the confines of Kurdistan, Armenia, Persia, and Mesopotamia. Its present name is Arabic, and is derived from a chieftain of the name of Bekir, who migrated thither; but it has had different appellations under each successive dominant power.

The approaches to the city, from whatever point, are highly picturesque. Situated on a knoll of black basalt, which rises about five hundred feet above the river Tigris, the hill slopes down gradually to the bed of the stream, where it is crossed by a modern bridge constructed out of ancient ruins; and the interval between is occupied by successive terraces and gardens, dotted with kiosks and summer-houses, and rich with a profuse and beautiful vegetation. On the side opposite to the river, and to the northwards also, is a dreary, stony plain, scantily covered with greensward, and only here and there interrupted by the tombs of the faithful, diversifying the wilderness by their strange architectural forms. But even from this basaltic upland, the aspect of the city, though sombre, is imposing. It is surrounded by lofty walls of the same dark stone, defended at intervals by numerous square towers; the domes and minarehs of more than twenty mosques rise above this dark line, their fairy lightness further relieving the massive structure of the numerous khans, and the monastic simplicity of the Chaldean Cathedral, and other Christian churches. The dark plain, still blacker walls, and the general sombre and stern appearance of the whole city, well entitle it to its Turkish name, "Kará Amid," the Black Amid; Amida being its Christian name under the low empire, although Constantius, having repaired and fortified it, dignified the city for a time with the designation of Constantia. It is, however, most remarkable in history as the Tigranocerta of the Romans.

I had ridden out one afternoon with Hafiz Pasha, and the usual pomp of Oriental retinue, the Seraskér having wished to shew me a quantity of magnetic iron (Iserine) which lay in the bed of the Tigris, and which had excited his attention. As, on our return, we approached the lofty gateways of the well-preserved ramparts, the pasha turned round to me, to inquire who built these noble walls? It was a curious question to put to a stranger, (as they ought to have known best,) and an unpleasant one to answer; to have said the Gawúrs, would have been displeasing to all; so a courtier compromise was effected, by stating that the walls were of ancient date, but had been repaired and strengthened by Jálál ad dín. The name of the renowned, but unfortunate Muslim sultan of Khwarizm, so long the bulwark to the greatest adversities which befel Islamism, after its first rise, in the invasion of the Tatars, under Jengiz Khán, aroused a sudden interest with the Circassian Seraskér, and the Turks immediately around him, which was not easily quieted. Further conversation was, however, interrupted by our entrance into the town, and the prancing of steeds through the streets and bazaars, too narrow to admit more than one at

a time. The pasha had also to return the salaam of the prostrate merchants, as they deposited their chibuks to make obeisance; and after we arrived at the large, but ruinous pile of building which, overlooking the depths of the Tigris below, has so long served as palace, citadel, and prison, the band played for an hour or so; visitors were received; and it was not till after dinner that the pasha sent for some of the old men of the city, and turned the conversation upon the subject of Jalál ad din.

"Jalál ad din Mankbarni, the great God be with him," said one of the old men, adding his distinctive appellation, "was one of four sons of Alá ad din Muhammed Khwárisim-shah ibn Takash; to him was given the kingdom of Ghuzni, and the adjoining parts of India; but he was ultimately driven to take refuge in this city, by Jengiz Khán; may the most high God curse him! And it was from hence that he applied in vain for assistance to the Khalif, and to the Malik al Aadih of Mifarikin."

"The heat of the sun makes us sit down in a bad place," interrupted the pasha. "Little thought the Commander of the Faithful that the khalifat itself was so soon to be overthrown by the same implacable hosts under the grandson Hulagú."

"A single word sometimes destroys favour," here thoughtfully observed the kalib, or pasha's secretary. "When writing to the khalif he subscribed himself, in former times, *his most humble servant Mankbarni*; but after he had taken Kalat, he subscribed himself only *his servant*, or *brother*. And a slipper is sometimes worse than a naked foot, for when writing to the princes of Mosul and of Mifarikin, he merely used the inscription, 'Help is from God alone,' not condescending to make use of his name; and he was himself styled, *Khudáwand i Aalam*—'Lord of the world.'"

The Mullah, an intelligent middle-aged man, here added, slowly and reverently, "He who wears a long skirt treads upon it; the Naubat was beaten for him at the five hours of prayer, and there were twenty-seven drums of gold, and the march of Dzú'l Karnain 'with the two horns,' (Alexander the Great,) was played twice, that is, at sunrise and at sunset."

"The wrath of the fool is in words, and the anger of the wise is in deeds," said the pasha; "pity for the Muslim that they could not agree; but caution is vain against the decree of God, I have heard that Alá ad din, his father, died on an island in Tabaristán," (Caspian sea.)

"He fled before the Tatars," said our first informant, "and embarked upon the sea of Tabaristán, the Tatars shooting their arrows after him, and reached a solitary island, where he was taken ill. The people of Mazanderan pitched him a tent, and gave him provisions; and this sultan, who once had thirty studs of horses, felt lonely without a single steed, and said, 'I wish I had a horse which could feed around my tent;' and they brought him a bay horse, and in return for whatever was given to him, he gave his signature to the gift of countries and great wealth; and when his son, Jalál ad din, obtained

* I have shewn, by a curious inscription copied from Sultan Khán, ("Travels," &c., vol. i., p. 194,) that in the year of the Hegira, 662, (A.D. 1264,) the Seljukiyan sultans took the title of *Amira i Muminin*, or Commanders of the Faithful. I rest for the titles of Jalál ad din on the authority of An Nasawi, (M. Ibn A. Ibn Al Munshi,) his secretary, who wrote under the date of 616.

power, he confirmed all that his father had given by deeds or by seals. But death seized the sultan, and they washed his corpse, and had no winding-sheet, and its place was supplied by his shirt; and he, whose gate had been the refuge of the kings of the earth, was buried in a lone island."

"And how came Jalál ad dín to Dyar-bekír?" inquired the Seraskér.

"He fled before Jangiz Khán," continued the old man, "from Ghuzni, and thence to the Indus, where the Khan overtook him, and captured his son, a child seven or eight years old, and murdered him in cold blood. And when Jalál ad dín fled to the banks of the river Indus, he saw his mother, but not his son. And all the females of his harem cried out, 'In the name of God! In the name of God! kill us, or save us from captivity.' And he commanded, and they were drowned. This was one of the wonders of affliction, and one of the most overwhelming of misfortunes and sorrows! And Jalál ad dín and his army plunged into this great river, and about four thousand escaped to the other side naked and shoeless. And the waves threw Jalál ad dín, together with three of his private attendants, on a distant spot; and his friends sought for him for three days, and continued wandering in search of him, and straying in the desert of anxiety, till Jalál ad dín joined them. Then he went forth, and there were battles between him and the people of those countries, and Jalál ad dín conquered, and reached Lahor in India. It was after the conquest of Kalat, and various successes and reverses, that he took refuge at Amid, and it happened that one day he encamped near the bridge, and drank the whole of a night, and became intoxicated; and the sickness of drunkenness is swimming of the head and weakening of the mind; and the Tatars surrounded him and his army in the morning.

"'Tis evening, and their bed is of silk, and when morning comes their bed is the earth,

"And he in whose hand is the lance, is like him in whose hand is the paint for the face.'

"And they who were in pursuit of him surrounded the tent of Jalál ad dín, who was sleeping intoxicated, and some of his servants entered, and took Jalál ad dín by the hand, and wakened him; and he had nothing on but a white vest; and they placed him on a horse, and he rode to Amid, but could not obtain entrance, and thence he fled by Mifarikin to the mountains inhabited by the Kurds, and they took him and plundered him, and were about to kill him, and he said to one of them, 'I am the sultan; preserve my life, and I will make thee a king.' And the Kurd took him to his wife, and then went away to the mountain, to his companions, who were there; and there came a certain Kurd, holding a short spear, and he said to the woman, 'Why do you not kill this Khwárizmian?' And she said, 'That would not be right; my husband has taken him under protection;' and the Kurd replied, 'This is the sultan, who, when at Kalat, killed a brother of mine, who was a better man than he;' and he struck the sultan with the spear, and killed him."

"Never think yourself safe from a fool when he has a sword in his hand," said the pasha; "the Kurds are all 'Izedis, (worshippers of the evil spirit,) and will never be brothers to the Muslim."

"Wallah, wallah," said the Mullah; but Saleh ed dín (Saladin), blessed be his memory, was a Kurd!"

"True," said the pasha; then turning towards me, for fear I should feel hurt by the allusion, "The length of the tongue," he continued, "shortens life; the bey stated that the walls were only repaired by Jalál ad dín, and built in more ancient times."

The opportunity thus afforded was taken advantage of, to mention that the building of the city is attributed, by the Armenian historians,* to Tigranes Haik, who gave the city to his sister; and that it was in the time of another of their kings, also Tigranes by name; that it was besieged by the Romans, under their general, Lucullus.

The use of this name caused an interruption, and various attempts were made, amid much hilarity, to pronounce it. The Seraskér also put some questions, as to the military proceedings and arms of the Romans, which being answered, I proceeded.

"Lucullus, on entering upon his campaign against the Armenian king, crossed the Frát (Euphrates) to the north of the Maden Tágh (Taurus); for when the men wanted to stop and take a fort, the Roman pasha pointed to the mountains before them, and said, 'Yonder is the fort you are to take!' then, pushing his march, he crossed the mountains, and the Maden-chai (Tigris),† and approaching Dyar-bekir (Tigranocerta), from which the king had fled at his approach, laid vigorous siege to the city.

Tigranes, having received succours in the mountains of Kurdistan (Gordyæa), descended from thence into the plain, and Lucullus, leaving Murena before the city, advanced to give him battle, and encamped on the plain north of the city, having the river before him, the Armenians being encamped on the east side.‡ The passage of the river was not opposed by the Armenian king, who looked upon the handful of Romans with contempt, and from the river north of the city taking a westerly bend, thought "that the Roman legions were in flight. But these redoubtable warriors having crossed the river, and ascended the opposite bank, they gained the level ground above, and resolutely attacking the Armenians, drove them before them in every direction."§

"He who is content with his own knowledge, falls," said the pasha, much interested with these details. He then inquired how such a minute account had been preserved for so long time back; I told him that the Roman historians, like the Arab writers, were often so careful and minute in their histories, that with a good local knowledge of the disposition of the territory, every movement of their troops in any celebrated engagement might be easily traced. "Did the Armenian kuran," said the pasha—(I was about to interrupt, and claim the title

* History of Armenia, by Father Chamich, translated by Avdall. Calcutta, 1827. Vol. i. p. 41.

† Sextus Rufus says that Lucullus, by the capture of Tigranocerta, obtained Madenan, the best region of Armenia.

‡ Father Chamich, the Armenian historian, says that the king's troops broke through the camp of the Romans, entered the city, and succeeded in rescuing many of the king's wives. But independently that the Roman historians and Lucullus' biographer, Plutarch, are silent upon such a circumstance, it is not likely that the Armenians crossed the Tigris on their return.

§ Some doubts have been thrown, by a writer in the "Classical Museum," against my identification of Tigranocerta with Dyár-bekír; but independently of the direct and indirect testimonies which I have brought to bear upon the subject (Travels, &c., vol. ii. p. 361, et seq.), positive proof of the identity is afforded by St. Martin, who says that all the Armenian historians admit this well-established fact.

of shah for Tigranes—for the Armenians certainly were not rayahs at that time—but I thought it an unnecessary punctiliousness)—“never make head against the Romans again?”

“Yes; he opposed him, but unsuccessfully, at the Gharzen-su (Arsanias.)”

“Where was he going, then?” said the pasha.

“To Artashát (Artaxata),” was the answer.

“What!” said the pasha, surprised—“through the long and difficult passes of the Ali Tagh (Niphates)?”

“Oh, that was nothing to the Romans! One of their emperors—by name, Cæsar—made a march without parallel in history, from Syria to Zela, without a rest, and there, in his own words, arrived, saw, and overcame his enemy.”

“And nothing of that kind has been done by modern commanders?” said the pasha, inquiringly. “Is it true,” he added, “that Artashát was built by Hannibal, when taking refuge with the King of Armenia?” I said there was an oriental tradition to that effect, and it was supported by Armenian historians, but not admitted in Roman or modern histories.

The pasha now changed the conversation, by putting a question at once of leading and captivating interest to those present. “Achmet Effendi,” he said, addressing the old man who had been the historian of Jalál ad din’s misfortunes, “how and when did Dyár-bekír fall under the Osmanli power?”

“It was in the reign of the glorious Selim—blessed be his memory!—that the nation called Kára Emid inhabited this province, and was governed by Kára-Khán, ‘the Black Khan.’ This nation had been long determined to throw off the yoke of that chieftain’s arbitrary and tyrannical rule, and to effect this, had recourse to stratagem. They caused a letter to be brought to him, as if from the Shah of Persia, in which it was written—‘Thou who art Kára-Khán, the moment our mandate shall reach thee, know that we have resolved to send thee, with thy whole army, against the enemies who are about to invade these parts. Wherefore, with as great preparations as possible, march out of the city, within five days, and pitch thy tents in a place called Kavakilda, (the place of poplar trees,) in order to be ready, on our second notice, to go where occasion requires, or to come to us instantly.’ Kára-Khán accordingly departed from the city, with all his forces and his family, and encamped at the appointed place; at the same time, the citizens arose, and putting the few soldiers that were left behind to the sword, they shut the gates upon the khan, and then wrote a letter to Selim, mentioning what was done, and offering to surrender the city, if he would appoint as their governor Mehemet Bey, their countryman, who was then in the sultan’s court.

“This proposal was very agreeable to Selim, but fearing to trust so deceitful a people, he deferred recognising them for a whole year, during all which time, the city was besieged by Kára-Khán, and fierce skirmishes took place frequently, and the lofty, ancient walls of the city alone saved it from being sacked.

“At length Sultan Selim sent Mehemet Bey with a body of troops to the relief of the city; but when the two armies appeared in sight of one another, the ardour for fighting, if such ever existed, diminished exceedingly, and both parties remained in battle array.

“At this momentous period, there suddenly appeared a great cloud of butterflies, which, flying over the space between the armies, divided

themselves into two parties,*—the white going to the Osmanlis, and the red to the Persians. Presently the white charged the red, and after a fierce (butterfly) conflict, vanquished and routed them. The sword could hardly have effected what these insects produced in the mind of both sides. The Osmanlis, inspired with courage by the good omen, fell bravely on the Persians, and easily slew and routed an army filled with terror, and entirely dispirited by the same strange omen. Among the captives was Kára Khán, whose head was ordered to be struck off by Mehemet Bey."

"He who draws the sword of injustice shall be killed by it," said the pasha, smiling at this account of the superstition of the Osmanlis in past ages; and I little thought at the time that I should, scarcely two years afterwards, on his being signally defeated in an engagement with the Egyptians, hear equally gross and absurd superstitions mooted and received as truths in his very presence; but misfortune invariably brings out the strong or the weak points of a man's character, according to which may be most true to his nature.

"Several of the Osmanli sultans have resided within these walls, have they not?" inquired the pasha.

"Murad, the servant of the Glorified, wintered here, after the conquest of Baghdád, and——" The old man was proceeding in his relation, when the musical voice of the Muezin was heard proclaiming even prayer from the menarch of the palace. The Mullah followed forthwith, with sundry slow, sonorous Allahs; the servants departed for the carpets for genuflexion and prostration; and I withdrew, not without promises being exacted, to be early in the morning with the pasha.

SONG.

BY BARNEY BRALLAGHAN.

"A paragon of beauty—a desire;
An angel she of gladness."—T. J. OUSELEY.

COME hither, come hither, and sit by me,
Under the shade of the greenwood tree;
I've a secret, dearest, to murmur to thee,
On those twin lips dewy and tender;
And thus while I sit, to thy bosom prest,
With all thy love in thy look confest,
Oh, wonder not if I feel more blest
Than kings on their thrones of splendour.

Thy voice has a music to stay the hours,
Thy smiles are as sweet as those garden
bowers,
When broider'd by May with the rosiest
flowers
That summer skie ever beam'd on;
And in those eyes, as the morning
bright,
Is sitting a Cupid—a sunlike sprite—
Oh, never hath Bard in vision of light,
A lovelier Image dream'd on.

The books, the songs, I loved so well,
The evening walk in the leafy dell,
The midnight planets, whose radiant spell
Could cheer my solitude only,
Are changed—and no more their joys
impart
When thou art away, who my Angel art,
There stands a Temple within my heart,
And thou art its idol only.

A Phantom of Beauty, more bright than
May,
Flits round me like sunlight, and gilds
my way—
Her smiles, her glances, wherever I stray,
Like showers of roses fall o'er me;
Come tell me, dearest, come tell me true,
The name of this Phantom that meets
my view,
Or need I declare that while sitting by you
The Real of this Phantom's before me?

* This anecdote is, I believe, related of some other battle; but Achmet Effendi is supported by Cantemir, Prince of Moldavia, in his "History of the Ottoman Empire," that the tradition is attached to the contest in question.

THE ELLISTON PAPERS.

EDITED BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

"Injuriae, suspiciones—bellum, pax rursum."—*Terence*.

XXII.

COLMAN'S negotiation with Messrs. Morris, Winston,* and Tahourdine, for the sale of one moiety of the Haymarket property, and the result of a purchase by those gentlemen, greatly disconcerted the subject of these memoirs. Again had Elliston been baffled in his views of partnership—Bath, Liverpool, the Haymarket!—thrice had he been thwarted in his besetting ambition; and he now met Colman, at the commencement of his third and last season on the Haymarket boards, with no feelings of cordiality and scarcely the sentiment of good will.

The cause of the above sale was the heavy loss on the two experimental seasons, particularly the last, in which Colman had made an effort to rival his gigantic neighbour the Opera-house, encountering the monster on its own grounds, and attempting to wield those mighty engines fitted only to the grasp of his opponent. With the courage of David, but without his judgment, Colman beheld the Goliath still unhurt; and having exhausted his resources in a vain attempt at the splendour and pageantry of *ballet*, was now compelled to take steps of a far different fashion, and put up with the more homely condition of "ordinary time" and common sense. "The Enchanted Island," which he had lately produced, was an illusion in opposite effects to those he had anticipated—that the money *went* like magic, there is no denying, for the manager expended on this ill-judged experiment no less than 1600*l.*, of which his "Enchanted Island" did not recover to him one shilling.

Elliston was likewise deprived of his position as stage-manager, that office being now given to Winston; but he still retained its emoluments, which, with his pay as actor, amounted, at the close of the season (1805), to 559*l.*

On the 18th of July, a *petite comedie*, written by Cherry, under the title of "The Village; or, The World's Epitome," was produced at this theatre. Considerable opposition attended the progress of the piece; and in the second act, Elliston, under the old impulse, stepped forward, begging earnestly that the audience would hear it to the close, which request he actually impressed on his bended knee; an appeal powerful as that of Lord Brougham himself, who no doubt had

* Mr. Winston died on the 9th of July last, at his house in Charles Street, Covent Garden. From this gentleman, the compiler of the present memoirs received the greater part of the documents, letters, &c., appertaining to the life of Elliston, and also much theatrical matter incidental to the actor's time. Mr. Winston was remarkable for his accurate information on dramatic affairs and histrionic biography connected with the last half century, which, to the lovers of the stage, rendered his society highly agreeable. He was one of the most active and serviceable friends Elliston ever possessed.

In 1835, Mr. Morris became sole proprietor of the Haymarket Theatre by purchase of all the shares.

treasured up the effect, at the concluding sentence of his celebrated speech on Reform. The petition was granted—but the “World’s Epitome,” unlike “the whole bill,” did not pass into a law, for it was damned on the first reading, and the curtain fell amidst the yells and hootings of an indignant audience. The *froissement*, however, was not confined to the body of spectators, for a difference taking place between Mathews and Elliston, in the *coulisses*, the former accusing our hero of some neglect, Elliston responded in that peculiar language which never fails “to stir men’s blood,” and a blow from his irritated antagonist was the prompt rejoinder. At the commencement of the farce, Elliston, under great excitement, made a rambling appeal to the audience, but here also he appeared to get the worst of it, although he had withdrawn the play, at the sentence of the house, which had so emphatically pronounced there should be no two bites at a *Cherry*.

On the following day, a letter by Robert William appeared in the public prints.

“Haymarket Theatre, July 20, 1805.

“SIR,—Some misrepresentations having taken place respecting an occurrence at this theatre, last night, in which I was a party, I beg leave to state it correctly.

“It is true that a momentary altercation did arise between Mr. Mathews and myself, which was attended with some warmth on both sides, but it is not true that I ‘was knocked down twice,’ nor indeed that I was knocked down at all. Nor is it true that I was placed in any situation humiliating to the feelings of a man, or derogatory to the character of a gentleman.

“What the circumstances were, I will not intrude on the public. I only explain what they were not. It is enough for me to say that there is every probability of Mr. Mathews and myself becoming friendly with each other; and were it not so, there would be no one more willing than myself to acknowledge his zeal at all times for the interests of his profession and the welfare of the establishment to which he might belong.

“It has been alleged that I am extremely officious in addressing the audience on many occasions. If to my office, as stage-manager, the term *officious* be applied, I do plead guilty to the performance of my duty, but I do not confess to any less worthy signification of the word. I trouble the audience with observations only when I may deem it necessary, and always endeavour to do so with respect.

“I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

“R. W. ELLISTON.”

“Having been bystanders during the difference which occurred between Mr. Elliston and Mr. Mathews, at the Haymarket Theatre, on Friday night last, we feel it incumbent on us to declare that the statement of Mr. Elliston having been knocked down on that occasion is totally void of truth, and that no circumstances took place which were in any respect dishonourable to that gentleman, or, indeed, to either of them.

“ROBERT PALMER,

“CHARLES TAYLOR,

“JOHN PALMER,

“W. T. HATTON,

“F. G. WALDRON, (Prompter.)”

Thus ended the affair in the theatre itself, but innumerable were the squibs let off in the public journals from the ashes of this discord. Newspaper letters on private grievances are fair game to the idle public, who beat about for amusement; and although Elliston had satisfactorily proved he had not been "knocked down by Mathews," yet he laid himself open to so many sly shots from quills in ambuscade, that it required his whole armour of equanimity to preserve him from being positively riddled.

Elliston's recent triumph in the part of *Duke Aranza*, at Drury Lane, was now succeeded by a success at the Haymarket only less brilliant from the nature of the drama in which he appeared—a musical entertainment, entitled "*Three and the Deuce*." This piece had been produced at the same theatre ten years previous to the present event, the principal part or parts having been written expressly for the display of Mr. Bannister's versatility of genius; an experiment, however, which did not meet with a favourable reception. Elliston, who had heretofore accomplished some triumphs not dissimilar to the present—namely, a decided success on Bannister's own ground—was by no means deterred from the trial by the records of the theatrical *decade*. The fantastic triune impersonation suited admirably his fancy, whilst emulation kept up a state of irritability which could only be allayed by playing the character without delay. The versatility of powers (if we may venture so lofty a term) necessary to success in the part of "*The Singles*" might very reasonably have attracted public favour to this "announcement in the bills," for Elliston was both a pleasing singer and an elegant dancer, while his *savoir faire* of the mock heroic and perception of broad farce, all conspired to the fair promise. The piece was acted for his own benefit, and the trial was another decided hit; like *Diana*, the actor was equally divine under his three phases, and the *petite comedie* was, from this time, assigned to him, by legal conveyance of popular approbation, his own freehold.

In the course of this season, another outbreak took place in the Little Theatre, which, commencing in deep tragedy, concluded, very properly, in downright farce. Dowton had chosen for his benefit Foote's burlesque piece, entitled "*The Tailors*," or "*A Tragedy for Warm Weather*," in which the fraternity of the thimble were not treated with the respect which their importance in all ages appears to have enjoyed, and they now resolved, like the Knights of the *Shoulder Knot* at Bath, some years before, (on the representation of "*High Life Below Stairs*"), to vindicate the dignity of their order, and at the same time to shew a spirit. A pallid battalion of tailors occupied (as well they might) the *dress boxes*, another operative line threaded the pit, whilst not a few were prepared for backing the suit in the galleries. Dowton had advertised "*The Tailors*," but they had resolved on "*Measure for Measure*." Being well assured that the first blow is half the battle, Dowton, on his appearance in the part of *Francisco*, was assailed by no less a missile than a pair of tremendous shears, which would at once have cut the thread of his existence had the act been an echo to the will. This pretty strong demonstration of hostility caused the immediate interference of the constables, and in three minutes, the uproar

was at the best. The tailors, it is true, were three to one; but recollecting how many go to a man, it is not surprising they were presently overmatched. Some of the ringleaders, or, rather, foremen in the house, were handed over to the public office, where Mr. Aaron Graham, like *Priuli*, was at that moment sitting. Here good fortune appeared, in some degree, to attend the tailors; for our friend Aaron being, as we have already had occasion to notice, in the interests of Drury Lane Theatre, was too well pleased at any mortification which might attend another booth in the fair; and with the exception, therefore, of the desperate little mechanic convicted of sheer malice against Downton, the whole party were dismissed—or, we should rather have said, were sent about their business.

Thus terminated this thimble *emeute*. The tailors claimed the victory, under which *prestige* they felt entire satisfaction, and quitting the playhouse, were content for the future to appear on no other boards than their own.

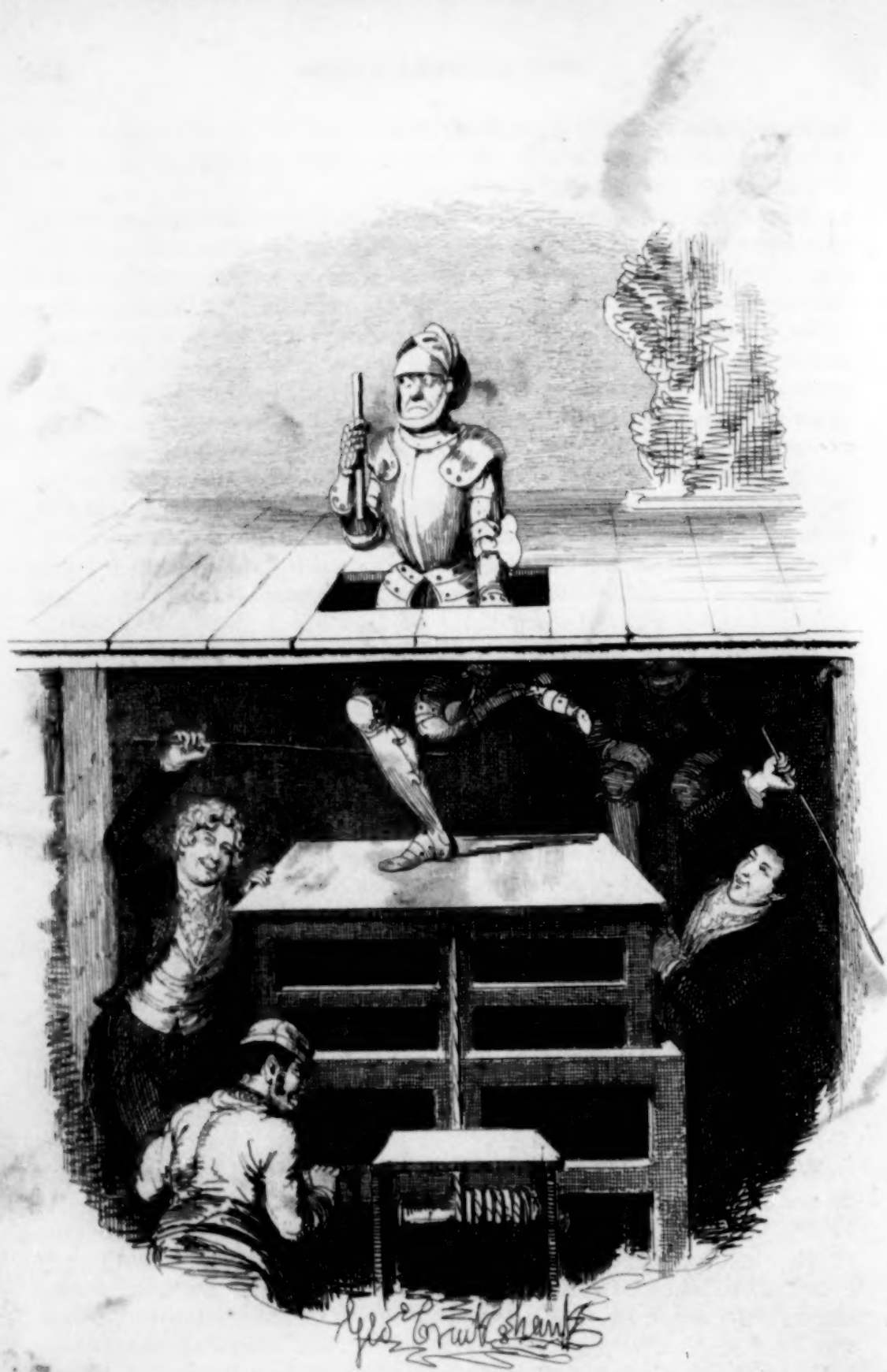
On the 15th of September, of the same season, Liston made his first appearance in London, at this theatre, in the character of *Sheep-face*, in the "Village Lawyer." His peculiar talent was at once acknowledged, and secured him his patent for life in public favour. As of Tarleton, (whom, in fact, he must somewhat have resembled in style,) we can truly say,—

———"cujus vox, vultus, actio possit
Ex Heraclito reddere Democritum."

On the 5th of October, a revival of Farquhar's comedy "The Constant Couple" was advertised for that evening's representation, at Drury Lane Theatre. Late in the afternoon, handbills had been circulated, stating, that in consequence of the sudden illness of Mr. Elliston, who was to have personated *Sir Harry Wildair*, the comedy would unavoidably be deferred, and "She Stoops to Conquer" was the substitute. "The Constant Couple" not having been acted for some years previous to this event, and public curiosity being considerably excited in respect of the present cast of its hero, the theatre was numerously attended. As to the handbills, they of course had met the eye of but a small portion of the "British public," and the greater part of the audience, under a sense of disappointment, felt inclined to "take it out" (as the money-lenders express it) in some other article, and had a row for their money. Due satisfaction being paid in this manner, Goldsmith was entered "*vice*" Farquhar, and the substitution was permitted to proceed.

But on the following day one of those awkward *contretemps* occurred, of which we blush to confess we have met with more examples than the present, in the course of our theatrical reading.

He is but a dull swain—a poor, pitiful lover, we verily believe, who cannot anticipate the whimsy of his mistress *before* the little caprice has being within her—one of those instances is it, in which effects are allowed "to lead causes." And he is but a bungling conjuror—a clumsy, heavy-fingered jack-a-lent, who cannot tell you the very ace, knave, or queen, dancing in your thoughts, even *before* you have made up your mind on the colour of your card. But what is permitted to the lover, or looked for in the conjuror, may perhaps become a questionable quality



"Alas, poor Ghost!"

in reasonable beings, who are expected to work by the square and rule, and not like those who, in their mistake of courage, attempt to display it by setting truth at defiance.

Not to detain the reader longer in our display of metaphor ; on the subsequent day, as we have said, to this provisional comedy at Drury Lane, the following *critique* ! appeared in a journal, called "The British Neptune:"—"Theatre Royal Drury Lane. Last night, Farquhar's sprightly comedy, 'The Constant Couple,' was most barbarously murdered at this theatre. The lively knight was by Elliston reduced to a dull piece of affectation—it was *Tom Errand* in *Beau Clincher's* clothes. *Clincher* was altogether lost in the hands of Bannister—it approached Farquhar as nearly as the frog resembled the ox in the fable. Miss Mellon was not thoroughly unpleasant in her representation of *Angelica* ; but criticism has not language severe enough to deprecate the impertinence of Barrymore presuming to put himself forward in the part of *Colonel Standard*. We were scarcely less offended with Dowton's attempt at *Alderman Smuggler*—it was only not absolutely the worst thing we ever saw."

Such was the "mirror" in which the Drury Lane company—ladies and gentlemen—beheld their unhappy features at their toilet on the following morning—Sunday. On their swollen heads, black eyes, and lacerated noses, they gazed in silent stupefaction. They had clearly been cruelly belaboured by elves—the victims of pawwawing—in their sleep, (for Saturday nights are the Sabbaths of witches,) and acknowledged the providence of having escaped with life itself.

They however determined, like the petulant beauty, to be revenged upon their looking-glass, and with all the violence of the fair, Elliston, Barrymore, Dowton, and Bannister, commenced a prosecution against the old "Neptune," which would inevitably have brought him from his coral palace, on the dry floor of the Court of King's Bench, but for the mercy of the very mortals themselves whom he had so deeply injured. The prosecution was stayed—a compromise was entered into—the proprietors of the paper paying of course all expenses, and a supplemental fifty pounds to the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund.

Whilst on the subject of "outrages" we must beg leave to narrate an act of surpassing audacity, to the cost of poor Dowton. In the old Drury Lane theatre, many of the dressing-rooms were on the level of the landing beneath the stage. During the representation of some piece, wherein Dowton had to be lowered by means of a trap through the stage, his face being turned towards the audience, Elliston and De Camp, who were concealed below, had provided themselves with small ratan canes, and as their brother actor, who was playing a serious part, was slowly descending to solemn music, they applied their sticks sharply and rapidly to the thinly-clad calves of his legs. Poor Dowton, whose duty it was to look as dignified and intrenchant as a ghost, smarting under the pain, could scarcely refrain the expression of it by a positive screech, whilst he curvetted with his heels, like a horse in Ducrow's arena. Choking with rage, he was at length wholly let down, and being now completely out of sight of the audience, he looked earnestly round to discover the base perpetrators of the violence. Elliston and his companion had, of course, absconded—it was *decamp*

with each of them; but at this moment Charles Holland, dressed to the very finish of fashion, worthy of Cibber himself, was crossing from one of the rooms. The enraged actor, mistaking his man, and believing, by Holland's imperturbability of manner, he was in fact the real offender, seized a mop at that moment immersed in most unseemly water, and thrusting it in his face, utterly destroyed wig, ruffles, point lace, and every particular of his elaborate attire. In vain Holland protested his innocence, and implored for mercy—his cries only whetted the appetite of the other's revenge, and again and again the saturated mop was at work over his finery. Somewhat appeased at last, Downton quitted his victim; but in the mean time, the prompter's bell had announced the commencement of the piece in which Holland was to have appeared. What was to be done? The drama was proceeding—Holland already called to the stage! all was confusion thrice confounded. An apology for "*the sudden indisposition of Mr. Holland*" was made, and the public informed that De Camp had "*kindly undertaken to go on for the part!*"

In April (1806) Elliston applied for permission of the Haymarket authorities to advertise Colman's pleasant little comedy, "*Blue Devils*," for his benefit at Drury Lane, to which he received the following direct answer:—

"The proprietors of the Haymarket Theatre present their compliments to Mr. Elliston, and acquaint him that past circumstances prevent their acceding to the request Mr. Elliston has so unexpectedly done them the honour of expressing."

This note was in Colman's own hand-writing. Such was the acetous fermentation of that sweet friendship which had been so lately sealed in pledges of choice Madeira, and witnessed in the little "rump-parliament" at Waldron's. "At lover's perjuries, they say, Jove laughs," but theatrical friendships are a joke much beyond them. An April day has greater certainty, and a flash of lightning as much durability—

"They quarrel 'bout a pin or feather,
And wonder how they came together."

XXIII.

It was at this period of his life that Elliston became first acquainted with a gentleman, who proved one of his truest and most valuable friends during his professional career—Mr. Warner Phipps, actuary of the Albion Assurance Company—a man of sound understanding, acute judgment, and rare sincerity. To Mr. Phipps, Elliston was indebted for the best advice in his repeated difficulties, and for pecuniary aids which never were denied when the object appeared reasonable in itself and creditable to his good name.

In the summer of this year, our hero was engaged principally in Dublin, to which place his friend transmitted any London intelligence which he deemed might be useful or gratifying. Amongst his earliest letters was the following:—

"Neither the fame you have acquired, nor the wealth you ought to be accumulating, should satisfy your own conscience, as certainly they cannot acquit you to your family for that disregard which you shew

to society as a member of it. Do not deceive yourself by fancying you are merely despising appearances by violating the proprieties of life. True—a man may live too servilely to the world's opinion, but it follows not that he should condemn the conventions and the decencies of the commonwealth. I will not offend you by descending to *particulars*. I know I am speaking to a man of discernment—I hope also to one of fortitude. If I have as yet not said enough, I should still fall short, though I were to write a volume.

“I shall at once, therefore, dismiss this part of my letter.

“You may know, perhaps, in what manner the Haymarket has shuffled on since your estrangement. Fawcett does not take kindly to your comedy, and Rae positively burlesques your tragedy. The former, in his *real* department, has unquestionably great power, but *Vapid*, *Megrim*, *Bob Handy*, and many others he has lately meddled with, require the touches of another pencil. Rae is not, perhaps, without effects, but they are chiefly of person. His form is good, his countenance impressive, and his voice of considerable compass; but his deportment is loose, his eye dumb, and his tones without variety or modulation. I can say nothing of his understanding, for I have not been in his company. As to his *Octavian*, I never witnessed a more inflated piece of Jack Puddingism in my days.

“I am convinced it should not be your object to play in London, both during winter and summer. In the latter season, take your Drury fame into the country—you will make more money, preserve your health, and delight your fancy by variety of scene.

“I enclose you a pasquinade, which I understand was uttered aloud from the boxes, the other night, and which appeared in a morning print of yesterday. What it wants in wit is made up in truth:—

“ ‘Mr. Rae—Mr. Rae—
Ah! prithee—go away—
You are a sorry lad,
And you act so very bad
That you'll surely drive me mad,
If you stay—Mr. Rae!’ ”

An attempt was now made by a certain clique of the leading spirits of Drury Lane, in conjunction with sundry town wits, (and amongst them, Theodore Hook, then a young man,) for a revival of some of the London clubs, which had lately fallen into abeyance. Elliston was the very *Monk* of the “Restoration.”

Their immediate object was a resuscitation of the “Humbug Club,” which had originally been projected by Mr. Perry, proprietor of the “Morning Chronicle,” and from whom the new party received many of the old forms and ceremonies. Mr. Perry, in fact, “gave the people a constitution,” at the head of which he was nominally placed. Colman, who, from foregone conclusions, “was unable to appear,” was yet, like *Ariel*, a most potent agent, invisible, and duly executed the good bidding of Perry the *Prospero*, on the enchanted soil of the Oxford Coffee House, where the roystering crew were fraternized.

“The Humbug”—that is, the “old original”—had been assembled on the first month of several years, by a proclamation issued by Mr. Perry, who was designated “*Humbugallo Rex*,” and countersigned by his secretary, “*Screech*.” These proclamations were exceedingly humorous, and may be read on the files of the “Chronicle” of the

period. Mr. Pryse Gordon, in his "Personal Memoirs," gives the following notice of this association:—"When a new member was proposed, he was admitted blindfolded, with much ceremony. He was then conducted by a member to the bottom of a large apartment, whence he mounted a dozen of almost perpendicular steps, being warned, that if he slipped, he would inevitably break his neck. When the candidate had ascended the very summit of the tottering fabric, the bandage was suddenly snatched from his eyes, and he found himself standing on a platform of about a foot square, elevated some ten feet above the inquisitors. Around the table below were sitting the president, his secretary (*Screech*), and twelve judges, all masked, with beards low as their knees, and black gowns. In the centre of the table was a caldron of spirits of wine, which threw a most infernal glare on the whole assembly." Certain questions were then put to the bewildered candidate, which if, in the judgment of the court, he answered satisfactorily, and respectfully bowed three times, in the act of descending, he was duly declared a member of the body. But as none of these things were possible, no candidate ever succeeded in passing his examination. However, as all is fish which comes to the devil's net, the infernal president usually extended a grace to the failing votary, and he was ultimately matriculated.

Bannister, who had been a member of the "old original," was joyfully received into the association of the Oxford Coffee House. He was here frequently president, when Johnstone fulfilled the duties of "*Screech*." The following examination of a candidate, before these two "*Jacks* in office," took place, as witnessed by the hero of our memoir. The usual question being put—

"Pray, sir, were you present at your birth?"

Reply—"No; I was a changeling before I was born."

"Pray, sir, what is the stock of wisdom you purpose investing in this society?"

"I come here to get wisdom."

"True; you are of that class which experience sometimes renders wise."

As to the termination of these weekly meetings, that was after the manner of most societies, dull or spiritual, homely or polite—namely, the best liquor which could be produced. Like death, this levelled all distinctions—the dull were elevated and the fanciful depressed—one common tint pervaded the whole canvass, and Punch and *Egalité*, the last usurpers.

But notwithstanding the efforts of this "gallant crew," and all their appliances to boot, the new "Humbug" endured but for a season—the "Restoration," in fact, was but of short duration; and a Revolution came, which swept from state and being this last of the Humbugs.* The Oxford Coffee House affair failed, as most revivals have been

* About the end of the last century, many of these clubs were in existence. At the British Coffee House, Cockspur-street, was "The Anonymous," to which Perry and his co-proprietor, Gray, belonged. "Many eminent men," says Mr. Pryse Gordon, "were members of this fantastic society, which lasted till more than half of the club were dead. Professor Porson, Dr. Burney, Dr. Raine, J. Kemble, Howardine (the poet), Monk Lewis, Capt. Morris, and, occasionally, the Duke of Norfolk."

found to do. When once a dog has had his day, the best voltaic battery will but make him wag his tail.

In the course of Elliston's brief visit to Dublin, he was surprised, one morning, by a visit from a dashing young fellow, who, uncereemoniously entering his room, grasped him by the hand with the tenderness of a vice, invoking on him many days of joy and good fortune. Startled by this amicable assault, Elliston in vain cudgelled his brains to bring his friend into court and recollection, and was, in fact, as much perplexed as at the unexpected meeting with poor Alice, three years before.

Far more amused than mortified at the comedian's dilemma, the stranger, in all the exultation of high spirits and rosy prosperity, bantered him for awhile on his frail pledges of friendship, playing off, at the same time, a thousand *bouffonneries*, which, if accounted by his self-applause, would have thrown Carlini or Liston into the shade. Exploding, at length, into a roar of laughter, which verily shook the little quadrangular chamber in which they had met—"Why, don't you know me? Donald?" cried he—"Donald, at Saint Paul's?—Don't you recollect Donald—*pug* Donald? Robert!" The veil immediately dropped from before the eyes of our hero, who at once recalled to memory his truant schoolfellow, "*pug* Donald," beyond all doubt, and the many occasions on which each being soundly whipped for their common fault, the birch of Dr. Roberts might well be supposed to have "twined their hearts in one!"

About the time Robert William took flight from St. Paul's to Bath, his schoolmate, Donald, made an equally abrupt excursion to the sea coast—one for the stage, the other on board ship. Donald had secreted himself, like a rat, in the hold of a coaster, which having put to sea, he crept from his hiding-place, begging, in piteous accents, the mercy of the master, and that he might be received as a cabin boy. His prayer was granted—in fact, it was too late for refusal—and in this situation he remained for full three years. At the age of eighteen, he was made mate of a vessel sailing from North Britain, and there being a press on the river just at this time, Donald was illegally seized by a man-of-war's gang, and put on board a tender, whence he was shipped for the coast of Africa. Being a good seaman, he was rated able, and his exemplary conduct being noticed by the first lieutenant, he was speedily appointed quarter-master. In a brush with a French frigate, Donald behaved with so much gallantry, that he was placed on the quarter-deck, as midshipman. He had now been gazetted lieutenant three months, and having been a week in Dublin, had discovered, in knocking about the town, the companion of his early days, his partner in many a stolen afternoon, and a large shareholder in their joint-stock of flagellation.

Elliston was immediately made known to such of Donald's family who were at that time resident in Dublin. He passed several gala days in the society of his friend; and their imaginations being so vividly recalled to the scenes of youth, they conducted themselves, in more than one instance, so much like schoolboys, that they were once more joint tenants of the same narrow apartment, but that—the watch-house. Donald of course went to see his friend act, and well, indeed, might he have been delighted, for this occasion was, in fact, the very first on which he had ever entered the doors of a playhouse.

SESTRI.

BY THE HON. JULIA AUGUSTA MAYNARD.

THERE stands a rugged promontory o'er
 Fair Sestri, and its most enchanting shore,
 Cover'd with cypresses of richest dyes,
 With spiral verdure pointing to the skies!
 Whilst flow'rs, full prodigal of sweets, exhale
 Their scents delicious to the mellow gale.
 The ripe—ripe fig, and luscious flowing grape,
 Luxuriant grow, and fruits of every shape
 And varied colour, from the rarest gem
 That decks Autumna's golden diadem,
 To the wild strawberry, whose tassel red
 Droops in the woodlands on its leafy bed.
 And distant hills the silvery olives stud,
 Where herds recumbent chew the tranquil cud.
 In such displays of overteeming store,
 What can we dream of, think, or covet more?
 Imagination is at loss to guess
 What else desire could wish of plenteousness.
 And yet, alas! there are in scenes like these
 A blasting crowd of human agonies!
 And can we deem it so? Alas! we find
 Within the Soul alone is bliss enshrined;
 And nature's gaiety to grief can be,
 In its sad thought, but bitter mockery!
 The balmy breeze, with its all-perfumed breath,
 Wafts also on its wings the sighs of death:
 And mark ye, on yon bed of roses placed,
 The dying butterfly that oft has graced
 Th' aerial regions with its splendid hue,
 As o'er the modest flow'r it stray'd to sue;
 And now, amid death's agonizing stings,
 Suffers it less because its glorious wings
 Are brighter than the brightest tints that deck
 The glossy peacock's most majestic neck?
 Ah, no! and thus it is that fairest skies,
 And richest landscapes, that delight the eyes,
 Can give small comfort to the suffering soul,
 Which spurns the feeble aid of such control.
 Within the spirit only can arise
 The depths of woe, or joys of Paradise:
 And when from this too treacherous earth we fly—
 When reason totters on infinity,
 Oh! then it is, the new-awaken'd sight
 Views in Religion its eternal light!

LOVE AND FAME: THE POET'S WISH.

BY CATHERINE PARR.

YES, I have burn'd for fame! my childish breast
 Knew the wild throb that fatal longing brings,
 The dreaminess that o'er the day it flings,
 And of the night, its feverish unrest!
 And yet I bow not to the patient quest
 From which alone or fame or honour springs—
 Oh, wherefore from the skylark's mounting wings
 Do I still turn unto his lowly nest?
 Ah, Love, thou mighty conqueror! thou hast come,
 And storm'd the heart that was the Muses' home,
 Howe'er unworthy of those guests divine,
 And thou hast made all rule and empire thine;
 Even hope to live in other hearts is flown,
 Merged in the wish to live in *one* alone!

THE LOQUACIOUS KENTUCKIAN.

BY UNCLE SAM.

AT a cross-road between Kinderhook and the river Hudson, in the county of Columbia, State of New York, stands a country "tavern and hotel," much frequented by travellers in stage-coaches, gigs, sulkies, 'York wagons, extras, exclusive extras, and (in winter) by sleighs. It is known by the name of the "Washington's Horse," a vague tradition existing that General George Washington, on a journey to 'York, honoured the place by his presence, and permitted his horse to have a feed of chopped hay, oatmeal, and salt, in the adjoining stable. An historical picture hangs over the door, representing, on an extensive surface, between ten and twelve thousand British and German soldiers, horse, foot, and artillery, flying, in most admired disorder, before some eighteen or twenty Americans—perhaps an advanced guard—who, having discharged all their ammunition, are using the butt ends of their rifles to beat out the brains of that portion of the enemy which loiter through lack of quick heels. General Washington, having discovered that the day is all his own, dismounts with a serene countenance from his neighing steed—a gigantic war-horse, which appears in a straining anxiety to have a run after the European hares. In a central and conspicuous position over this grand specimen of historic art is a lion in a very exhausted or dying attitude, with a barn-door fowl or game cock (termed in the American language, a he-biddy) mounted at the back of the monarch's mane, and crowing *cock-a-doodle-doo*, as plain as a wooden carving can appear to be uttering that natural chant, so descriptive of the bird's pride and exultation at having beaten the lion in some unknown manner. It is to be hoped it may not affront the reader's sagacity to observe, that the lion represents John Bull, and the heroic bird, with its shrill doodle-cry, typifies no less a personage than Yankee Doodle, Esquire.

The first apartment of the "Washington's Horse" is sufficiently commodious to contain three or four tables, besides a bar for the landlord. In this room in winter, the parties who traverse the country in sleighs, for the enjoyment of rural dancing in the village inns, where music is provided for the purpose, "go their deaths," as they term those violent efforts at saltation, gyration, whirling, and sliding, which end in a mazziness and temporary faintness, and induce a desire to lean against the wall with half-shut eyes, and a cold dew over the countenance. On the wall by the side of one of the windows, a few years ago, was the following placard, three notes of admiration being placed before the first word, and the same number after the second:—

!!! SAFETY LINE !!!

Citizens are respectfully informed that the fares to and from Stuyvesant and Albany are reduced to One Dollar, at which charge it would not pay to blow up the passengers, as they do in the high-priced, high-pressure Steamers, which have been intruded on this route.

There was another notification, which ran as follows. It should be premised, however, that American undertakers keep ready-made coffin stores, containing all qualities, from humble deal to aristocratic satin-wood, and generally have the handsomest specimens at their doors, as an attraction to the passers-by. Thousands of Americans must thus be quite familiar with the appearance of their own coffins.

GOING TO TEXAS.
PETER HIRAM,
CABINET AND COFFIN MAKER,
No. 16, Fourth St., Corner of Black Hawk, Yonkers,
Is selling off at cost price.
Desk cabinets at from ten to fifteen dollars;
French polished maple coffins, lined with velvet,
twenty dollars.
Do not omit this opportunity!

At one of the tables in this room I was seated one afternoon, while my horse was at rest in the stable. Dull times for the landlord; he had only one customer, for although there was a young villager seated at one of the windows, yet his attraction to the "Washington's Horse" was the landlord's blooming daughter. This young lady was making a pillow-case, or some article having a similar appearance, which seemed to afford a fund of small talk to the young gentleman, who endeavoured to make the landlord's daughter smile, while the lady strained her countenance to appear totally unconscious of the exact meaning of his allusions. The landlord was chewing tobacco, and cleaning the bar. A wagon was driven up to the door. "Look out," quoth the landlord to his daughter. "Why, father, if it ain't that old Kentuck that comes here once a year!" replied the young lady, rising from her seat, placing one hand on the table, and looking out of the window, while her village lover also arose, planted one of his hands on *her* hand—by mistake—and placed his right cheek close to *her* left, in his eagerness to view the characteristics of the Kentuck who came there once a year.

"House a yoy! dead or alive?" shouted the man in the wagon. The landlord moved to the door, the landlord's daughter ran out to call the stable-boy, the young gentleman ran out to be ready to help the young lady in calling the stable-boy, if required, and the old Kentuck, who came there once a year, jumped out of his wagon, and feelingly inquired of the owner of the "Washington's Horse" if he were *alive* yet? To which the landlord replied, "Oh, yaas."

"This ain't the meal hour, it ain't?" inquiringly observed the annual Kentuck.

"Oh, noa!" replied the purveyor of the "Washington's Horse."

"Did you ever hear of such a drink as sherry cobbler, mister?"

"Oh, yaas; but we haven't any sherry, major."

"That's bad: phoo! I wish I had the edicating of the man that put too much mouldy lickerish in this here chew tobacco. You airent turned temperate here, aire you?"

"Oh, noa. It wouldn't pay on this road, it wouldn't. Mrs. Morfat, who died last fall of the dropsy, tried it on, but give it up. The farmers up here wouldn't take her ginger-vengeance arly in the morn-ing instead of eye-openers and fog-clearers."

"I should think *not*. Give me a holdfast, or a timber-doodle; I don't care which: anything in the shape of stone-fence will suit *my* fancy. The temperance movement, as they call it, don't convene to a man like *me*: it's *rayther* too slow, it is. I'm all brimstone, and drive the roughest rocking-horse in any three of these *United States*. Any man as don't predicate a whipping, had best not look slantendicular at *me*, that's all. I don't thicken up without calculation, but when I do, it's gone goose with somebody, and that's not *me*. When I fight, it's on the regular kick and biting system—fair play, Kentucky fashion, with gouging one eye when you get the *enemy* down. I can fight like a panther, drink like a fish, and run like all nature. That's all: it ain't uncommon, but very useful. The temperance movement don't convene with *my* sentiments: I should spile if I were not kivered up in salt and liquid. Ain't I a spry-looking middle-aged man, young lady? Don't make yourself ugly about the answer, as it's generally allowed it's a fact. Bos, have you anything good to take in the eating line?"

"Oh, yaas. What will you have?"

"Why, I've considerable of a ven'son repitation. When I'm to home, I'm a regular dealer in ven'son for my own eating. But I guess you don't raise it here?"

"Oh, noa."

"Then, prehaps, I'd better take what you've got, and spile my appetite in the easiest way you can fix."

The table was shortly spread with cold meat, pie, and cheese, huge knives and forks having a kingly diadem, and "warranted" engraved on them, and large plates of the universal willow pattern, so complimentary to the perfectibility of Chinese design. But while this was being executed, the Kentuck continued his discourse, addressing himself to the young lady and slim gentleman at the window, and partly to myself.

"When I'm to home, and go gunning, I've sometimes had a chance at a free deer. The Hon. Mr. Stephanoff has a piece of land where they grow pretty numerous; but he's mighty stingy, *he* is, and 'll take the law if you only help yourself to a couple of haunches, and leave the rest of the critter for his own use. He's as proud as the gallows mulatto.—Here, bos, I've finished the holdfast, and shall want another if you don't make haste with the dinner. This daughter of yourn is so engaged in congressionals with a young man, as seems very disagreeable to her, that she says she can't help."

As a slight pause here ensued, by the departure of the young lady to help her father, I invited the Kentuck to proceed in his discourse, by inquiring the extent of pride appertaining to the "gallows mulatto."

"Why, sir," replied the loquacious Kentuck, "the pride of the gallows mulatto remained with him till death. He was hung, down South, for teaching a nigger to read, and a little black fellow, a chimney-sweep, was hung at the same time. 'Keep further off,' says the mulatto to the sweep, as they were standing under a tree, waiting for the sheriff to order them to be hauled up. 'A wont,' says the little

black fellow; 'a hab as much right to be here as ooself, a expec.'—
Have you anything dainty to come after this cold *collection*, bos?"

"Oh, noa; it ain't the meal hour."

"Haven't you never no beer?"

"Oh, yaas; but not at present."

"Haven't you ever a bottle of Schuykill porter?"

"Oh, yaas; but it's not up."

The young villager who had helped the landlord's daughter to call the stable-boy at the four cardinal points of the house, then addressed himself to the Kentuck, requesting to be informed why the Philadelphians placed XX on their porter barrels, to which the Kentuck, first giving the inquirer a look of unequivocal contempt, replied, "You're a nice young man, I estimate; but not quite baked. Two XX on a barrel of porter notify *too good* for common and weak-minded people; they notify that the porter's so strong it takes two men to blow the head off *one* pint. And I calculate you don't know who invented those marks, sergeant? A singular man *he* was."

"Who was it, major?"

"Why, now, *do* you know Squire Bangles, as does the justice up this road?"

"Yes, major."

"Well, it warn't *him*. But *do* you know a man near here as they call Two-men, 'cause he's so tarnal mad when he gets liquorish, he's a man *besides himself*?"

"I calculate I do."

"Well, and it warn't *him*. But now, as we *are* on this subject, *do* you know your next neighbour, Lawyer Dowbiggin, who, when he was in the militiee was ordered to 'charge,' and immediately whipped out his pocket-book, and wrote down a dollar and a quarter?"

"*Con-siderable*."

"Well, then, I'll tell you a fact. It warn't *him*, or any one else as ever I knew as long as I could count two. Do you see *that*? Isn't it curious? And it's as true as the truest thing you ever year'd. Well now, I'm pretty near filled up, I *can* tell you. I wish I may be lynched with peppered brimstone and whittled porcupine quills, if I could eat a pound more. I've piled the pie on the meat, and I've stuck the cheese on the top, so that I only want some more monongahela to fix the entire into a real jam dinner. I don't know as I've had a better appetite since I had the sawdust-pudding at the last guessing party."

"A sawdust-pudding at a guessing party!" I almost involuntarily exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by the Kentuck.

"Perhaps you never year'd of a sawdust-pudding?" he inquiringly replied. "It's a capital fritter, made of the scrapings produced when meat is so frozen as to be separated into pieces by a saw. It's the north where they make them kind of puddings. At that same guessing party, one dollar a head——"

"What may a guessing party be?"

"Why, it was for a pig. Him as guessed nearest the weight of the critter, had it for his dollar, and a round of stone-fence. At this guessing party there were a Yankee notion-seller trying to clear himself of a clock, by swearing it was the last, though he had two dozen

in the wagon. He was uncommon smart with the lady, asking her whether it warn't elegantly Frenchified, with its looking-glass in front. 'No,' says the lady; 'it ain't good-looking at all: it frightens me to look at it.' 'Then I guess,' says the notion-seller, 'you'd better buy one as aren't got never no looking-glass for reflecting your countenance.' 'Why, that's the best part of it,' says the lady; 'and now you remind me of that handsome reflector,' says she, 'I think I'll buy it.'

"Oh, father!" exclaimed the landlord's daughter, rising from her chair, "I expect the cow is trying to get into the stable; something is making such a noise against the door round the corner."

"Go and lend the cow a slockdollager, then," muttered the landlord; and thereupon the young lady ran round the corner, immediately followed by her lover, who proposed to assist her in the loan of the slockdollager. On their coming back, the Kentuck observed that "it took two to fix a cow in those parts. I wur fixed with a *bull* once," said he, "pretty considerable tightish. 'Twas on a moony night; the moonlight made everything as light as a cork. You could see straight before and behind you without a lamp, and I was going from German-town towards Philadelphia on foot. I was in a money consumption, and so weak I couldn't raise a dollar. My pocket had stopped payment, and after lying out two nights in Fulton Market, New York, I tried to get into a lying-in hospital, but couldn't, 'cause I was too bristly about the chin. So I was walking along, and a bull comes looking slantendicular over a hedge, to see for a chance of something to run after; and when I come up, the critter tossed his head and poked it through the bushes. 'I'm not afraid of *you*,' says I, 'for I'm a ring-tailed roarer, *I* am;' then he got a leetle maddish, and up went his tail, and he jammed his head in the fuz bushes. I laid hold of a horn, and tickled him with a stout hickory stick, jist to try my hand at a bull-fight, as I felt rayther wolfish. 'You are an old-horned beast,' says I, '*you* are. Old enough to be as tough as General Jackson;' and I hut him on the nose jist for spite, agin our losing last election. 'I could make out of an old bull,' says I, 'like you, a young 'un, and have enough left to make a small calf.' This exaspirated him so that he took his head right out of my hand, and with one leap got into the road. The infarnal varmint roared like thunder—I ran like lightning, and getting over a zig-zag, to dodge him among some timber, tore my trowsers as if heaven and earth wur coming together. He couldn't manage to guess my location, so I 'scaped. I'm a yeller flower in the forest, *I* am. If I had only had a bowie knife, I'd have walked slick into him like a thousand of brick."

As the Kentuck was finishing this relation, a smart crack informed us that a fowling-piece had been fired in an adjoining field, and the young lady immediately bethought her of some favourite pheasant hens, which she averred the sportsman might possibly mistake for game; and running out of the house, and round the corner, was followed by the young Jonathan, with the polite intention of assisting her. The Kentuck also arose, and looked out of the window. "I was out gunning once," observed he, "and with one pull shot as many hares as if I had fired at a wig. How pretty it is to see two lovers!—Old man, is your daughter going to marry that slim paring?"

"Oh, noa! Not as I *know* of," replied the landlord.

"Then," rejoined the Kentuck, "you shouldn't let them walk out so often to get round the corner. I see them dodging about that corner so that you can't tell which side of the house they're at."

"Do you?" ejaculated the landlord. "Jemima, miss, what are you arter?"

"Business, father. Here's little Jefferson throwing rocks at the pigeons, and a swine-drover requires to cash a porker."

"Tell him I've no cash; and don't ought to buy a porker when I've pigs of my own."

"And here's Simon Durge's son come to have the barrow you lent him repaired, 'cause he's broke it, and says it's of no use to him."

"Tarnation! Tell him I want his father to lend me ten dollars for three months."

"What a varmint of a neighbour," observed the Kentuck. "I was once out in the western merchant line of business, and had a little store at Cincinnati, next door to which I had a varmint of a neighbour that carried off almost all the business. He was a great rogue, *he* was; and I went to the schoolmaster, and asked him what I should put up as a sign that I was honest—as time goes. Says he, 'You put up *mens conscia recti*, meaning *men conscientiously reckoned with*.' Well, I put it up, and the next day the varmint pinned a paper on some stockings with *men's and women's conscia recti* on it. Well, we had a little fight about that, and I sent him right through his own window. It cost me considerable of hard Jackson, though. But I give it to the squire as fined me. 'What do you guess I sit here for but for justice?' says he. 'Why, I calculate you sit there,' says I, 'for a thousand dollars a year.' He had to take his change out of *that*. And now I'm put in mind of an enigmer I discovered in Cincinnati, and put in a winder—a nice little winder, as was so small it almost took two persons to look through it at one time. I had a likeness of myself painted, and right over my heart I had a small looking-glass, and on each side a letter; F on one side, X on the other. Underneath was writ, 'Any man as can poke the fun out of this here enigmer shall have five pounds of best American factory Canton tea.' So there the gonies kept crowding round the store, staring at it, and coming in to buy small parcels. But none of 'em ever found it out."

"And what was it?" inquired the landlord.

"Why I don't mind telling you *now*, as I've cleared out of that line of grocery. I calculate there was I myself in the portrait of myself, and the letters F and X with the I, cried out, 'FIX.' Then if you looked in the glass, in the midst there *you* were, and I myself, represented by the portrait of myself, could easily be guessed to be saying, 'You are in a fix!' It took *me* to do that enigmer, and I could hardly. It plagued the rogue next door handsom. I hard that, after I left Cincinnati, the loafer went mad, and was put into a *lunatic* asylum to be cured of braying; he thort he wur a jackass, and wern't much mistaken."

"I say, miss," observed the Kentuck to the landlord's daughter, as that young lady, in a very demure manner, entered the large room, followed by the slim young gentleman, "what sort of an edication have you had, or is this young man teaching you?"

"Why, sir," replied the lady, tossing her head; "I can tell you, sir, that I went to school three quarters, and had a diploma. And I was at Lowell two years, learning everything. I was one of three miles of young ladies General Jackson walked through, all dressed in silk and linen, and wearing summer silk stockings and parasols, and our winter fur boas and muffs, as grand as Bunker's Hill."

"Well, now, I say, I saw you two jist now considerable deep in congressionals. This slim young man of yourn puts me in mind of the Tomahawk Hudson river steamer, snorting and trotting off like a horse; all boiler, full of high pressure; hard work to hold in at the wharfs. When I was a young man like him, one day the bos says to me, 'You've been drinking,' says he. 'No,' says I, 'I aren't; but you may guess so, you may, 'cause I saw another man as *was* drinking, and the sight of it quite overcame me.' Now I'm jist put in mind of this, I am; and if your father was to come to me and say, 'You're making love to my darter,' I should answer, 'You may think so, you may, 'cause she's a right down real handsome gall; but I aren't, and I only dreamt another man *was*, and it quite overcame me.' That's all; only I'd advise you to get married, I would."

"The times are so bad," replied the young man, "that Jemima says I must wait."

"Well, then, why don't you wait in good earnest, and keep away a hundred and forty thousand miles! But that's all nonsense; all times are bad, and you're thin enough to go through them. If you're in the way, the young lady, though she has good eyes, could easily miss seeing you. You look as wiry as if you had been dragged through a gimlet hole. But don't be chicken-hearted: a faint-hearted man is like a no-tailed beaver, or a 'coon with a lame foot."

"I'm not afraid of work," responded the young man.

"Afraid of it? I should rayther think not. You look rayther too sleepy to be afraid of it. You look as if you could lie down and go to sleep by the side of a day's work as easy as nothing. Rise early in the morning. Can you do *that*? If you can't, don't marry till you've learned how. *And* if you can't rise any other way, take a pint of yeast the last thing going to bed. Where's my horse? Where's the bos? Give me another timber-doodle. The lad had better be sharp, for I'm a roarer. No ways slow. That horse I call the fly-wheel; I do the steamery myself on the high-pressure."

"Capital beds," quoth the landlord.

"No, thankee," replied the Kentuck, as he paid his reckoning, and walked towards his wagon; "I don't understand *your* beds, I don't. The last time as I slept here was in winter, and the next day I had such a cold in my head that it freezed the water when I washed my face. What a pile of firing you have here. Is it safe?"

"Oh, yaas."

"Well, down where I live when I'm to home, I find the wood goes farther when housed *out* of doors than when housed *in*. Some logs of mine went a mile in one night, and fixed themselves up agin a neighbour's gable end."

THE MYSTERIES OF BEECHINGTHORPE.

A TRUE HISTORY.

BY CHARLES W. BROOKS.

So long as those garden spiders, the engineers, shall abstain from spinning the web transit lines they call railroads, in the direction of the village of Beechingthorpe, so long will that village deserve the praise which my friend Sir Archibald Franklin, its nearest magistrate, awards to it, when he says that this charming, green, and sequestered spot, recalls a mingled memory of the days of Eden and of the Book of Sports. His association of ideas may seem somewhat eccentric, but these are not times for being severe with a county magistrate, when he is Abdiel enough to stand upon precedent.

Beechingthorpe lies in a thickly wooded county, where the varieties of hill and dale are rather more strongly marked than is usual in that part of England. The village itself descends the side of a gentle eminence for about half a mile, where a clear and rippling stream crosses the principal street, and is itself crossed by a wooden bridge for foot passengers. The banks of the little river are verdant, and are shaded by enormous trees, and masses of foliage are also scattered amid the houses—an old trunk serving here as prop to a leaning cottage, here as a support to an alehouse seat, and in most cases as a record of the loves and initials of generations of epigraphic rustics. The old and very pretty church, standing back from the street, is on your right as you ascend the hill; and the inequalities of the ground are so distributed about the churchyard, that though the dead may be on a level, their tombstones certainly are not. The houses, chiefly old, are very irregularly built; the rectory, the only inn of any pretension, and the doctor's house, would be prominent features in the village, but for the lofty trees which partially conceal them all, and the school-house you cannot see, until close upon the little green which surrounds it. The spot is peace itself; and the worthy magistrate's recollection of Paradise may, perhaps, be pardoned when I mention that Beechingthorpe has but one medical resident, (who is not an article taken in contract by the nearest Union,) and no attorney. And as we all know the result of evil communications, the good manners of our village may be estimated from the fact, that it is two hundred and eleven miles from London.

Why is it, that when one sees an unusually placid pool, one is irresistibly impelled to drop a stone into it? When this is explained, we shall be aided in a conjecture why the Destinies chose to trouble this peaceful Beechingthorpe of ours, in the manner I am going to describe.

One Saturday afternoon, in the hottest part of last summer, a very handsome young man, with a fiery eye and a small coal-black moustache, rode up to the door of the one inn more hastily than he should have done, considering the weather. He was simply, but elegantly dressed; and as he dismounted, it was observed that his stature did not exceed the middle height, but that his form, though slight, gave promise

of considerable vigour. Giving very peremptory orders for the due care and covering of his reeking and beautiful horse, he entered the Carp Inn, and announced that he required dinner, and a bed for the night. While the former was preparing, he did not saunter, but walked quickly up to the church, and made a rapid inspection of its ivy-sprinkled architecture. The good young rector, who was standing at his window, meditating on his discourse for the morrow, observed the stranger gentleman, and, with a half-smile at himself for the act, turned to his notes of the intended sermon, and interlined a quotation from Lucretius, for which he was *not* afterwards summoned before the vice-chancellor of his University.

Sunday came and went,—the stranger attended morning service, and gave the slightest approving smile as the line from Lucretius was spoken. That night he slept at the Carp. The next day he summoned the landlord, and informing him that he had taken a house in the village, discharged his bill in a liberal manner, and ordered the tight and active Ralph, who embodied a whole administration—ostler, waiter, boots, porter, and half-a-dozen people beside, and, in fact, was everything but the host in himself—to follow him with his cloak and tiny valise. The stranger proceeded across the road, up a green lane, through a gate which, had it ever been closed, would have rendered the lane “no thoroughfare,” and up to a cottage which stood by the side of this green path, divided from it by a luxuriant hedge and a strip of garden. Even Ralph, who was usually held by his admirers to be more “awake” than the oldest inhabitant of the village, stared with surprise as he entered the well known cottage, and found that the two rooms which it contained had been cleansed, whitewashed, papered, and fitted up in a style which was only equalled at the rectory. A sofa, and a handsome and polished table in the right-hand room, arrested Ralph’s eyes, but a piano opened his mouth (pianos *have* a pestering way of causing people’s mouths to open, usually unnecessarily); and when he saw pictures upon the walls, and a luxuriant carpet upon the floor, where neither picture nor carpet had been seen since Teniers or Turkey existed, Ralph felt that to offer any verbal observation, with his present scanty stock of information, would be both premature and presumptuous; so he whistled, not for want of thought, but for want of words to express it. He immediately received his dismissal and a crown-piece.

When Ralph returned to the wondering proprietary of the Carp, he had, of course, a strange tale to tell. How, when, and by whom, all these alterations in old Peggy Brown’s cottage had been made, were the wonders of himself and his auditory; the consideration who and what the stranger might be, coming in as an after-question. The Beechingthorpians were, to a man, Inductives. In another hour the whole village was made aware that its population was certainly increased, and, more questionably, its respectability. It was soon agreed that Ralph, as a near neighbour of the stranger, should be appointed standing counsel to watch his proceedings on the part of the village, and Ralph’s master, the landlord of the inn, saw no objection to what he, perhaps, considered would prove a provisional arrangement.

That very night began the tempest to the souls of Beechingthorpe.

No person in the village had been honoured with orders by the new settler, and there was an idea afloat, that his necessities would compel his appearance at the shops of at least two or three of the inhabitants. By no means. As the afternoon advanced, smoke was seen curling from the chimney of the cottage, and the standing counsel, who took an early opportunity of crawling round the house, reported that he did not desire to make invidious distinctions, but that he had never smelt anything at the Carp half so savoury as what was being cooked in the mysterious retreat. The landlord thought, with Dogberry, that comparisons were odorous.

But the stranger's horse, had he taken *him* to the cottage? Certainly not. He had left him in the stable at the inn, having, before his departure, paid a week's charge for the animal's board and lodging, and bound the landlord, by several tremendous voluntary oaths, that he should be taken the utmost care of. A week! Well, at the end of a week, we shall, of course, hear something.

Much sooner; for a very dreadful thing happened that same night. Two days before, old Isaac Jenkins, the sexton, had been consigned to the earth into which he had previously laid half the parish. Scandal said that his illness had been very short, and that his son-in-law and successor had been heard to say that it ought to be so, for it had been much too long coming. However, that very night, three loud bangs were heard at the door of the new sexton, who, starting somewhat hurriedly from his slumbers, opened the door, and to his untranslatable horror, received into his arms the corpse of his father-in-law, Isaac, whom he had, as he imagined, patted down very tightly on the preceding Saturday. The sexton could not speak for fright, nor the corpse for other reasons, but they fell down together upon the threshold; and when the living man could extricate himself from the embrace of the dead one, and could find courage to shriek out his terror, those who came to his assistance whispered among themselves, that scandal, often wrong, must have had some grounds for her reports of the unfilial sexton; and Giles Henderson, the churchwarden, openly declared that he did not think a man fit for his office, who made graves in which people could not rest comfortably. The body was brought into the house, and a strong detachment went off, with fear and trembling, to examine the churchyard. The new official, indignant at the churchwarden's criticism, led the way, and they speedily arrived at the gate. It was attained by a flight of a dozen stone steps, steep and somewhat worn, up which the party proceeded with great compactness. But as the foremost pushed the gate open, there broke forth from a tombstone the most horrible roar ever heard by man; and as the detachment ventured one look, a skull darted up from behind the stone, and with eyes, nose, and mouth, glaring with red flame, gazed grinning at the party. The next moment, that hideous roar resounded again, and then—Tasso's knights did little better in the enchanted wood—the deputation hastily retreated; he who tumbled first to the bottom of the steps, rather congratulating himself on his good fortune in being farthest from the fiend. There was no more churchyard work that night. The next day, the grave was certainly found to have been opened, and the coffin and other appointments of the tomb were deposited in great order by its side, but there were no other signs;

and in due course, Isaac again slept with his fathers, and Peter, his son-in-law, dug in his stead. Of course, limited rewards and unlimited speculations were offered in promotion of a discovery of the agents in this affair, but in vain. People who disturb the dead are wonderfully anxious not to trouble the living.

Two nights after this, every window in the church was broken to pieces. Matters now became serious, and the neighbouring magistrates were consulted,—among the rest, Sir Archibald Franklin, to whom I am indebted for these particulars. But the magistrates could do nothing, except offer a large reward for the conviction of the offender; the rector preached a sermon against dissent; and shortly afterwards, upon the windows of the little meeting-house at the top of the hill sharing the fate of the others, the minister there preached a sermon against establishments. The staple of each discourse, was the negative duties of those who live in glass houses.

All this time, the stranger had remained in his cottage; but on the seventh day, he came over to the Carp, inspected his horse, and gave directions as to his being exercised. On hearing the particulars of all the terrible events, he merely smiled, but enclosed five guineas to the rector, and one guinea to the dissenting minister, as a stranger's mite towards the reparation of the mischief. Both gentlemen called upon him, but neither could obtain admittance. All the calling and knocking in which they indulged elicited no response; so the rector wrote a note of acknowledgment, which his footman contrived to squeeze through the window; and the minister wrote a letter of thanks, which his clerk and deacon shoved under the door.

There was an extremely pretty young widow residing in the village, upon whom the hearts and eyes of several of the Beechingthorpe bachelors were set. Her husband had been an exciseman, who, in his great zeal to detect certain liquors supposed to be smuggled, had incautiously swallowed so large a mouthful of poison, that he fell dead upon his gauging-staff, like Baptista upon his lute. Annie Hay returned to her native village, and established herself as the ministering angel of certain uncouth millinery. One morning, the stranger walked into Annie's little shop, and closed the door after him. In an hour he reappeared, pretty Annie ushering him forth with many smiles and curtsies. Neither the eviction of the dead body, nor the smashing of all the orthodox and schismatic glass, caused half so much discussion in Beechingthorpe. As for pretty Annie, she was besieged by visitors; and the "stranger's call" certainly brought "luck" with it, for the orders which were given her, as excuses for the prolonged cross-examinations to which she was subjected by the matrons and maidens of the village, enriched her treasury to an unwonted extent. But little information could the good folks extract from pretty Annie, except that the gentleman, whose name she did not even know, had been a true friend to her dear departed. In disappointment, people remarked, very maliciously, that if the dear departed were alive now, *he* might think differently.

Ralph, the standing counsel, now began to lose his credit with his clients, and to feel that it was necessary for him to take some step to set himself right with them. After deliberation with himself in his various characters (like Miss Kelly, when, in her inimitable monopoly-

logue, she consults half a score of her friends as to the advisableness of her going upon the stage), he came to the conclusion, that in his capacity of ostler, he had the best right to approach the mysterious stranger. So, arming himself with an impromptu anecdote touching the existence of some visionary swelling in the shoulder of the horse, he proceeded to the cottage, and knocked. He was admitted, and tarried some minutes—but when Ralph left that house, he was an altered man. Pale as ashes, and not daring to look round him, he hurried back to the inn, and staggering into the bar, he recklessly filled for himself a quart pot of the very strongest and oldest ale, and at one mighty draught, he finished the liquid. Alexander, with the cup of Hercules, is the only parallel case on record. Then Ralph, to the horror of his master and mistress, and to the astonishment of his admirer, the sturdy maid of the inn, scrambled up the ladder into the hayloft, there stayed, sternly refusing to come down and be comforted, or to be comforted up there, for the space of two days. There he remained, moaning over the trusses, like Cobbett in his letter to Coles.

But all this could not last; and the most influential inhabitants of Beechingthorpe felt that the power of the stranger had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished. It was agreed that a meeting should be holden, to consider what steps ought to be taken to clear up the mystery of Peggy Brown's cottage, and such a meeting accordingly took place in the parlour of the Carp Inn. It was numerous and respectably attended, but there was one drawback to its efficiency—namely, the absence of the only person who could afford the meeting any information. This was the standing counsel, Ralph, who, on being entreated to descend and give the village the benefit of his knowledge, turned pale, threw up his brief, and drew up his ladder. Upon this, the meeting was compelled to adjourn, and though Beechingthorpe evidently expected every man to do his duty, nobody seemed to know what that duty was.

Such are the moments when the student of history looks for a hero to arise, and there is not the slightest doubt upon the mind of any philosophical person, that Beechingthorpe would have furnished her “one son to wrestle with the ‘stranger’ who’d enslave her.” Before that son could rise, however, other light had been thrown upon the mystery. Upon the first Sunday after the church windows had been repaired, and when the service was over, while groups of villagers lingered round the old porch, and country lovers, who had come from their distant farm-houses, were cramming into half an hour's sheepish and hurried dialogue the pent-up affection of a week, the rector, coming out from a side door among his parishioners, cleared up the whole mystery of the furnishing the cottage, the disinterment of the old sexton, the breaking of the church windows (to those of the meeting-house he did not allude, perhaps thinking it might be as well that people should regard *that* occurrence as a visitation of Providence), the secrecy of the widow, and the terror of Ralph, in half a dozen words—which I should have been most happy to record, but that my friend, Sir Archibald, has, with carelessness quite unusual to him, omitted to send me up the last page of his narrative.

“GOOD QUEEN BESS.”*

How this style of homely, cordial, familiar endearment—this designation, “Good Queen Bess,”—ever came to be applied to the mighty Elizabeth of England, is a matter of wonder. There is something almost as impudently satirical in it, as in the vulgar appellation, “Boney,” applied of old to Napoleon the Grand. When we come to think of the phrase, which has been so long in the common mouth, and which is employed to convey the popular love and estimation of the maiden monarch’s deeds and character, its inapplicability seems quite ridiculous.

It involves a gross absurdity of speech, and an incongruity in the bestowing of loving titles, to designate Great Elizabeth as Good Bess. It is as though we were to call a great conqueror by some nickname—to express homage and reverence for him.

“Bluff Hal,” as a designation given to Elizabeth’s father, we only begrudge and protest against on the score of its goodhumour and partiality, and by no means on the score of a want of dignity; but to reduce the greatness of his daughter into the small, shabby compass of the common epithet “good,” is to do it injustice and insult, in the guise of a fond appreciation; while unscrupulously and ungallantly to cut down Elizabeth—that name written too by her with such formal elaboration and particularity—into plain, brief Bess, is to forget all associations of her “lion-port” and majestic bearing.

“Good Queen Bess” merely presents the idea of some kind-hearted, benevolent, gossiping old Lady Bountiful wrapped up unexpectedly in royalty. To call her by such a name is like taking the stiffness out of her ruff, or the shine out of her diamonds. The rude depreciatory freedom and familiarity of the licence which affection allows itself in relation to the illustrious Virgin is intolerable. We could no more presume to use it, than we could have ventured to tread profanely on the skirt of one of her three thousand gowns, or to pull jocosely a curl of one of her eighty wigs of divers coloured hair. Fancy the young, gallant, and accomplished Raleigh spreading his cloak of embroidered velvet on the ground, to save from pollution the shoe of some “good” body of the name of “Bess.” No; the great Tudor, not the good, must be known for ever as Elizabeth, every inch.

The portion of the life of Elizabeth here presented by Miss Strickland, extends to the year 1583, when much of the greatest of her work was done—when at least every point of her character was fully developed. The volume contains a great mass of inedited matter, which has never before appeared in any history of the queen’s life or reign, and it abounds in evidences of Miss Strickland’s judgment, research, and ability, as a biographer. We know of few books more interesting; and, indeed, it is truly observed, that the romantic circumstances of Elizabeth’s birth, the vicissitudes of her childhood, and the lofty spirit in which she bore herself amidst the storms that darkened over her during her sister’s reign, “invest her with almost poetic interest,” even before she became a crowned heroine.

* *Lives of the Queens of England.* Vol. vi. Elizabeth, second queen regnant. By Agnes Strickland. Colburn.

Letters of Mary Queen of Scots. Edited by Agnes Strickland. 2 vols. Colburn.

We propose, in running over this, the completest and fullest of her biographies, to pause at such noticeable passages only as may supply acceptable specimens, whether of old or new matter. The manner in which the biographer uses her materials is generally skilful, discriminating, and successful.

The insight afforded us commences even with the domestic politics of the nursery at Hunsdon, where we find "the royal infant," who, as Shakspeare says,—

———"though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land, a thousand thousand blessings;"

experiencing the blessing of "a great pain in her great teeth," and, observes Lady Bryan, "they come very slowly forth, which causeth me to suffer her grace to *have her will* more than I would." Then there's the other official, Mr. Skelton, who, related to the Boleyns, and desirous of keeping up a royal state, pampers the infant with high-seasoned fruit and mischievous dainties, in spite of opposition. So that the very beginning was threatening.

But the discipline of education was to succeed to this; and it at least made her a scholar, though it did not teach her those moral restraints which in all ages are better to young ladies of fifteen than Greek or Latin. Thus, after her father's death, when she had declined, as it is said, the hand of Sir Thomas Seymour, the lord-admiral, who obtained that of her step-mother, Katharine Parr, instead, she romped with him so boisterously as to provoke general scandal, and to prompt a forced separation. Yet they met secretly; and after the death of Katharine, there is reason to suppose, notwithstanding the disparity of years, and the fact that he had been the husband of her father's widow, that she would have married him if consent of council could have been obtained.

"He was the first," thinks Miss Strickland, "and perhaps the only man she ever loved, and for whom she felt disposed to make a sacrifice."

She exhibited extraordinary self-command, however, on the day of his execution—one of the charges against him relating to his courtship of her—disappointing the malignant curiosity of the official spies by merely saying, without apparent emotion, "This day died a man with much wit and very little judgment."

It must be admitted that the constitutional levity, which she inherited from her mother, appears, at this period of her life, to have been her worst fault; and though, as is here observed, "she afterwards acquired the art of veiling this under an affectation of extreme prudery, her natural inclination was perpetually breaking out, and betraying her into follies which remind one of the conduct of the cat in the fable, who was turned into a queen, but never could resist her native penchant for catching mice."

Elizabeth, at this early age, wrote wonderfully well. It is easy to object to her pedantry and pains-taking; and her taste for metaphors had not escaped the notice of Roger Ascham; yet with every fault, early years allowed for, such letters as she then wrote cannot be unadmired.

Elizabeth now during her brother's reign formed a striking contrast to the court-belles, being attired with peculiar modesty and simplicity

—in which respect she was at least as strikingly contrasted with the over-ornamented and extravagantly-dressed Elizabeth of after-days. Miss Strickland truly accounts for it; in depicting the opening politician:—

"The Elizabeth of seventeen had, however, a purpose to answer and a part to play, neither of which were compatible with the indulgence of her natural vanity, and that inordinate love of dress which the popular preachers of her brother's court were perpetually denouncing from the pulpit. Her purpose was the re-establishment of that fair fame, which had been sullied by the cruel implication of her name by the protector Somerset and his creatures, in the proceedings against the lord-admiral; and in this she had, by the circumspection of her conduct, the unremitting manner in which she had, since that mortifying period, devoted herself to the pursuits of learning and theology, so fully succeeded, that she was now regarded as a pattern for all the youthful ladies of the court. The part, which she was ambitious of performing, was that of the heroine of the reformed party in England, even as her sister Mary was of the Catholic portion of the people."

The picture drawn of the princess's arrest, captivity, and release, is touched with great tenderness, and cannot be read unmoved even in its trivial details. Her wise, or as we may more correctly call it her cunning conduct, after her accession, in gradually abandoning the Catholic forms, and insinuating rather than asserting her Protestantism, is distinctly traced. So also are the influences of superstition over her mind. When it was determined that she should be crowned with the religious ceremonials of the Catholic church, she sent her favourite Dudley to consult her pet conjuror, Dr. Dee, to fix a lucky day for the ceremony; and it must be owned that the frequent and close consultations held with him during some of the most eventful years of her life, form a melancholy contradiction to the praises lavished on her for superiority to the superstitions of her time.

Her list of lovers, while yet but princess, was by no means short—Seymour and Courtenay were the foremost—and the candidates for her hand, the offers and hints of offers, were yet more numerous. But now as Queen, every day brought her a fresh adorer, offering marriage, or labouring to ensnare her affections. No romance ever equalled such history; nor did ever heroine, in any tale of love-enchantment whatever, turn half so many heads. She was never off with the old love before she was on with the new—she had not patience, and therefore her bow had generally two strings. Her refusal of Philip was at all events well grounded.

A month afterwards, Philip pledged himself to her beautiful namesake of France; and when the announcement was made to her, Elizabeth pretended to be greatly mortified, and complained to the ambassador of the inconstancy of his master, who could not, said she, "wait four months to see if she would change her mind." All through existence she was acting a part in this way, and seldom with such artfulness as in affairs of love. Philip was followed with like success by the King of Sweden and his brother, and the nephew of the Danish monarch came over on the same loving errand at the same period. But all this time there was Robert Dudley in the way; and on the death of Amy Robsart, (however that event may have been brought about,) it did seem probable that the suit of the favourite would prosper. The Queen's undisguised predilection for her master of the horse was a source of the most free and daring scandal everywhere, which she cared very little about, and secretly liked it perhaps.

She placed him near her own sleeping chamber under the pretence that his, which was below, was damp; she admitted him to her bedside at all hours, without, it would seem, the ceremony of knocking at the door; she received from him garments not ordinarily consigned to the care of a master of the horse; she was conscious that the most treasonable rumours were circulated and believed respecting them; she "tickled his neck" playfully, as he bent to receive the robe which she placed upon his shoulders; but true to herself at last, she was false to him in the end, as to all the rest whom she flirted with and cajoled.

We must here diverge from the matrimonial matters, of which about half the life of the spinster-sovereign consists, to others as amusing.

"One of her purveyors having been guilty of some abuses, in the county of Kent, on her majesty's remove to Greenwich, a sturdy countryman, watching the time when she took her morning walk with the lords and ladies of her household, placed himself conveniently for catching the royal eye and ear, and when he saw her attention perfectly disengaged, began to cry, in a loud voice, 'Which is the queen?' Whereupon, as her manner was, she turned herself towards him, but he continuing his clamorous question, she herself answered, 'I am your queen; what wouldst thou have with me?' 'You,' rejoined the farmer, archly gazing upon her with a look of incredulity, not unmixed with admiration—'you are one of the rarest women I ever saw, and can eat no more than my daughter Madge, who is thought the properest lass in our parish, though short of you; but that Queen Elizabeth I look for, devours so many of my hens, ducks, and capons, that I am not able to live.' The queen, who was exceedingly indulgent to all suits, offered through the medium of a compliment, took this homely admonition in good part, inquired the purveyor's name, and finding that he had acted with great dishonesty and injustice, caused condign punishment to be inflicted upon him; indeed, our author adds that she ordered him to be hanged, his offence being in violation of a statute-law against such abuses."

Hers were golden days, but wants were nevertheless amazingly abundant—Harwich appears to have been an exception. Having stopped there some days, she was so pleased that she inquired of the mayor and corporation if she could do anything for them. They returned humble thanks, but did not require anything at that time. Wherefore, as the queen departed, she looked back at Harwich with a smile, and said, "A pretty town, and wants nothing!"

The experience of the religious struggles of the last three reigns (as Miss Strickland remarks) had failed to teach Elizabeth the fatality of monarchs attempting to make their opinions, on theological matters, a rule for the consciences of their subjects. But passing by her persecutions of nonconformists, we come to a little scene which she seems to have got up, to manifest her zeal against popery, before the public eye. When she went in state to St. Paul's, the dean had been at some pains and great expense in ornamenting a prayer-book with beautiful prints, illustrative of the history of the apostles and martyrs. The book, intended as a present, was laid on the cushion for her use.

"When she came to her place, she opened the book, but seeing the pictures, frowned, blushed, and shut it (of which several took notice), and calling to the vergers, bade him 'bring her the book she was accustomed to use.' After the service was concluded, she went straight into the vestry, where she asked the dean, 'How that book came to be placed on her cushion?' He replied, 'that he intended it as a new year's gift to her majesty.' 'You never could present me with a worse,' rejoined the queen. 'Why so?' asked the dean. Her majesty, after a vehement protestation of her aversion to idolatry, reminded him of her recent proclamation against superstitious pictures and images, and asked, 'if it had been read in his deanery.' The dean replied, 'that it had; but he meant no harm in causing the prints to be bound up in the service-book.' She told him, 'that he

must be very ignorant indeed to do so, after her prohibition.' The poor dean humbly suggested, 'that if so her majesty might the better pardon him.' The queen prayed, 'that God would grant him a better spirit and more wisdom for the future;' to which royal petition, in his behalf, the dean meekly cried, 'Amen.' Then the queen asked, 'how he came by the pictures, and by whom engraved?' He said, 'he bought them of a German;' and her majesty observed, 'it is well it was from a stranger; had it been any of our subjects we should have questioned the matter.' The menace implied in this speech against native artists, who should venture to engrave plates from scriptural subjects, naturally deterred them from copying the immortal works of the great Flemish, Italian, and Spanish masters, which were chiefly confined to themes from sacred history or saintly lore, and may well explain the otherwise unaccountable fact, that the pictorial arts in England retrograded, instead of improved, from the accession of Elizabeth till the reign of Charles I."

We can shew her a little more worthily in earnest, in a succeeding page, where the expedition sent out to the shores of Normandy is in imminent danger of destruction. Elizabeth was in agony at the possibility of such a calamity, and despatched supplies to Warwick, with a letter from her council, to which she appended this warm and honest postscript:—

"My dear Warwick,—If your honour and my desire could accord with the loss of the needfullest finger I keep, God so help me in my utmost need, as I would gladly lose that one joint for your safe abode with me; but since I cannot, that I would, I will do, that I may and will rather drink in an ashen cup, than you and yours should not be succoured, both by sea and land, and that with all speed possible; and let this my scribbling hand witness it to them all.

"Yours as my own, E. R."

When Elizabeth went to Cambridge, the Master of King's College made his three reverences, kneeling down on the first step of the west door, and then made his oration, in length almost half an hour.

"First, he praised many and singular virtues set and planted in her majesty, which her highness not acknowledging, bit her lips and fingers, and sometimes broke into passion, and interrupted with these words, '*Non est veritas.*' But the orator praising virginity, she exclaimed, 'God's blessing on thine heart, there continue!'"

But she afterwards retorted in a set speech of her own, and the occasion shews, in a small degree, her love of trick and humour. Being humbly desired "to say somewhat in Latin," she (who had a set Latin oration conned by heart for the occasion) refused; but declared that if she might speak her mind in English "she would not stick at the matter." Nothing but Latin could be allowed, and she accordingly commenced her ready-prepared speech.

"Her speech began thus:—'Although womanly shame-facedness, most celebrated university, might well determine me from delivering this my unlaboured oration before so great an assembly of the learned, yet the intercession of my nobles and my own good will towards the university, impel me to say somewhat.'

"It contained nine other sections. The conclusion was—'It is time, then, that your ears, which have been so long detained by this barbarous sort of an oration, should now be released from the pain of it.'

"At this speech of the queen's, the auditors, being all marvellously astonished, brake forth in open voice, 'Vivat Regina!' But the queen's majesty responded to this shout, 'Taceat Regina!' and moreover wished 'that all those who heard her had drank of Lethe.'"

In her speech she raised expectation in the University with respect to some royal foundation, which was never gratified; but she bestowed twenty pounds upon a handsome student who acted Dido to her satisfaction.

The web of the royal character was of a mingled yarn, good and evil; and we cannot pursue a course of pleasantries far, without stumbling on some piece of hardness or barbarity.

Those portions of the history which relate to the treatment of the Queen of Scots, are carefully written; ample information is collected, and the whole is considered in a fair spirit. A letter from the original French in Elizabeth's hand is here given, as casting peculiar light on the apparent inconsistency of her conduct. It was addressed to Catherine de Medicis, while Mary was undergoing insult and indignity in her confinement at Lochleven.

"Oct. 16, 1567.

"Having learned by your letter, madame, of which Monsieur Pasquier is the bearer, your honourable intention, and that of the king, my brother, on the part of my desolate cousin, the Queen of Scots, I rejoice me very much to see that one prince takes to heart the wrongs done to another, having a hatred to that metamorphosis, where the head is removed to the foot, and the heels hold the highest place. I promise you, madame, that even if my consanguinity did not constrain me to wish her all honour, her example would seem too terrible for neighbours to behold, and for all princes to hear. These evils often resemble the noxious influence of some baleful planet, which, commencing in one place, without the good power, might well fall in another, not that (God be thanked) I have any doubts on my part, wishing that neither the king my good brother, nor any other prince had more cause to chastise their bad subjects, than I have to avenge myself on mine, which are always as faithful to me as I could desire; notwithstanding which I never fail to condole with those princes who have cause to be angry. Even those troubles that formerly began with the king have vexed me before now.

"Monsieur Pasquier (as I believe) thinks I have no French, by the passions of laughter into which he throws me, by the formal precision with which he speaks, and expresses himself.

"Beseeching you, madame, if I can at this time do you any pleasure, you will let me know, that I may acquit myself as a good friend on your part. In the meantime, I cannot cease to pray the Creator to guard the king and yourself from your bad subjects, and to have you always in his holy care.

"In haste, at Hampton Court, this 16th of October (1567).

"Your good sister and cousin,

ELIZABETH."

The despatches of La Mothe Fenelon have supplied many pleasant details of the royal sayings and doings relative to successive matrimonial negotiations. "Elizabeth," says her biographer, "had reached that point when in common with every childless sovereign who is on ill terms with the successor to the crown, she felt that her power was checked and her influence bounded within comparatively narrow limits by the want of heirs of her own person." She was eager to talk with La Mothe Fenelon about the king's (Charles IX.) wedding, regretting that "she had not thought in time about her want of posterity, and that if she ever did take a husband, it should be only one of a royal house of suitable rank to her own.

"The first time Elizabeth gave audience to the French ambassador, after the marriage of Charles IX., she asked him, 'how his master found himself as a married man?' and added many questions as to the probability of his being happy with his young queen. La Mothe replied, 'that his sovereign was the most contented prince in Christendom, and the greatest pleasure he had was being in her company.'

"Elizabeth cynically observed, 'that the record of the gallantries of his majesty's father and grandfather, Francis I. and Henry II., inclined her to fear that he would follow their example.' 'And thereupon,' pursues the ambassador, slyly, to his sovereign, 'she revealed to me a secret concerning your majesty, which, sire, I confess I had never heard before.'

So much better acquainted, it is remarked, was our maiden queen with the scandals of her royal neighbour than his own ambassador, himself a notorious gossip.

The youthful Duke of Anjou was proposed to the middle-aged queen, and the same lively ambassador says—

"The conversation having been led to the subject of the private overtures for the marriage with the Duke of Anjou, the queen acknowledged, 'that she objected to nothing but his age.' To which it was replied, 'that the prince bore himself already like a man.' 'But,' said the queen, 'he can never cease to be younger than me.' 'So much the better for your majesty,' rejoined Leicester, laughing, and Elizabeth took this freedom from her master of the horse in good part."

In 1571, when Elizabeth opened the new Bourse on Cornhill, she dined in company with Fenelon at Sir Thomas Gresham's, in Bishopsgate Street. Here, with every costly dainty, every delicious viand that wealth and refined luxury could procure, her greatest feast appears to have been that which neither Stowe, Holinshed, or any of our pleasant civic chroniclers of that day were at all aware her majesty enjoyed—namely, the choice dose of flattery which the insinuating French diplomat administered.

"In his private letter to the Queen-mother of France, he says, 'the Queen of England took pleasure in conversing a long time with me after dinner; and, among other things, she told me, 'that she was determined to marry, not for any wish of her own, but for the satisfaction of her subjects; and also to put an end, by the authority of a husband, or by the birth of offspring, (if it should please God to give them to her,) to the enterprises which she felt would perpetually be made against her person and her realm, if she became so old a woman that there was no longer any pretence for taking a husband, or hope that she might have children.'

"She added, 'that in truth, she greatly feared not being loved by him, whom she might espouse, which would be a greater misfortune than the first, for it would be worse to her than death, and she could not bear to reflect on such a possibility.'

"'I told her, in reply,' continues Monsieur de la Mothe, 'that to such prudent considerations, I had nothing to say, except, that in the course of a year she might remedy all that, if before next Easter she would espouse some royal prince, the choice of whom would be easy for her to make, as I knew of one who combined in himself every virtue, by whom there was no doubt but she would be singularly beloved and greatly honoured; and then I hoped that in due time she would find herself the mother of a fair son, and being thus rendered happy in a consort and an heir, she would by that means prevent any more evil plots being devised against her.' She approved of this very much, and pursued the subject with joyful and modest words for a considerable time."

As they returned home through the illuminated streets, amidst rejoicing and enthusiastic throngs—

"Her majesty asked Monsieur de la Mothe, 'if this did not, in a small way, remind him of the late rejoicings in Paris, at the public entrance of the king his master?' She then observed, 'that it did her heart good to see herself so much beloved and desired by her subjects;' and added, 'that she knew they had no other cause for regret than that they knew her to be mortal, and that they had no certainty of a successor, born of her, to reign over them after her death.' The courteous statesman replied, with an outpouring of compliments to this pathetic boast, 'that her majesty would be without excuse to God and the world, if she deprived her subjects of the fair posterity she had it in her power to provide for them.'"

We are tempted by the ridiculous, made richer by its association with royalty, to offer one more extract illustrative of these matrimonial matters. The young Anjou, finding that his bride elect was of mature years, and afflicted (as was the case at that time) with a diseased leg, was positively refractory, and at last wholly unmanageable; upon which the wily queen-mother Catherine wrote "an agitated letter" to M. de la Mothe, imploring him to prevail if possible upon Elizabeth to accept young Anjou's younger brother instead! The prince had

refused to marry Elizabeth, having heard so much against her honour, and having read such things relative to her in the letters of all the ambassadors who had been in England, that he must have felt himself degraded and dishonoured in the alliance;—but Catherine has no scruples of delicacy, and eagerly catches at the dishonouring connexion for her next son.

"‘Now, Monsieur de la Mothe,’ continues the royal maternal speculator, ‘we are on the point of losing such a kingdom and grandeur for my children, that I shall feel great regret—see if there be no means, as I formerly asked you, of inducing her to adopt one of her female relatives as her heiress, whom one of my sons could espouse.’ The ignorance betrayed by Catherine de Medicis in this modest suggestion, is scarcely less laughable than her absurd egotism.”

And then that no stone may be left unturned, Catherine remembers that she has another son. “Would she have my son Alençon? As for him, *he wishes it*. He is *turned of sixteen, though but little of his age*. I deem she would make less difficulty about it, if he were of stately growth, like his brethren, then I might hope somewhat; for he has the understanding, visage, and demeanour of one much older than he is; and as to his age, there are but three years between his brother and him.” And truly—if the matronly and majestic Elizabeth could have persuaded herself to marry a lad of nineteen, why not one of sixteen! But to be sure, though but three years younger than his brother, he happened to be two-and-twenty years younger than Elizabeth; and besides, his diminutive, mean figure, and prematurely old face, the dimensions of his mind were on the same inconvenient scale; he was scarred with the small-pox, had a nose disproportioned even to deformity; and all this, ludicrous enough, “was rendered more ridiculous by the fact that he had received the potent name of Hercules at the baptismal font!”

Here we must suddenly leave the Great Lady, and her Lovers great and little, whose name was Legion—only, however, to encounter her again, and in her worst and darkest mood, in that most fearful tragedy which is unfolded in the Letters of Mary Stuart, thus collected into two attractive volumes by the same writer. Of the unjust, the cruel, the detestable conduct of Elizabeth, sufficient evidence exists even upon the face of the transactions in which she was concerned; but never before, perhaps, could the whole sad story of injustice and suffering, weakness and guilt, shame, sorrow, cruelty, and death, be so easily yet so painfully read; and many readers, as they peruse these letters now translated from the old, and scarcely intelligible French, gathered from sources private as well as public, and arrayed in due order, accompanied with lucid explanations, and comment alike forcible and just, will feel that they are reading the wild, strange, terrible, pathetic story of Mary Stuart for the first time. In the form in which her letters are here presented, we have much of the advantage of a connected autobiography. The excellent historical introduction opens them with the best effect. Few who, recently perhaps, deemed themselves in possession of all that could or was needful to be known, of the passions, the sufferings, the character, and the fate, of Mary, will rise from the perusal of these extraordinary and affecting documents without gratitude to the editor. No task could have been better executed.

KEEPING IT UP.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

"Oh! what a pity!" exclaimed little Lucy S——, as she read in the newspaper the other day how Mr. Green, instead of attempting to fulfil his design of crossing the Channel in his balloon, had, in consequence of adverse weather, descended on the coast of Sussex;—"how provoking! Why didn't he *keep it up!*"

Lucy S—— is certainly one of the liveliest little ladies living, but desperately bent upon running to an extreme, and alarmingly prepossessed by a fondness for keeping it up.

Ah! poor child, thought I (though she's as old as I am, and wiser, in all things but this one), that pretty, fair-haired head of thine will surely go, some of these days, bump against the full moon. No need of a balloon to help you to rise into the air; and once aloft, you would be for keeping it up though you were within a mile of Mercury!

What notions, to be sure, some people have of keeping it up! Squarer and solider heads than Lucy's are often known to run themselves against the same wall, though from a different point; heads, well-lined with lead, too,—yet there is no keeping them steady.

Keep it up they will, like Lucy S—— at a ball. She—the small, slight, fragile thing, apparently incapable of undergoing fatigue—is untireable. Her delicate frame seems little formed for toil and exertion, even in the pursuit of pleasure, yet she will wear out the strongest, and laugh afterwards at the bare idea of exhaustion. Fatigue to her is what fear must have been to Nelson, when hearing it spoken of, he asked, "What is fear?"

At every fresh dance after five in the morning, you would say she was beginning again, if it could be said that she had ever left off since the first commencement at ten in the evening. In the full light of day she is but in the middle of her night's frolic. The laws of time, of sleep, of physical endurance are set aside—and she defies human nature to droop while it can be kept up. Long after the last disappointed sandwich-seeker has glided away, the last listless fingerer of the piano has dozed over the keys, the last dangler of the dance has dragged his slow length down stairs to the door, where a rush of beauteous daylight makes the revellers of night hideous, will the exclamation rise for the hundredth time to her lips, sharp and prompt as ever—"Come, *begin*—who are in the next dance?"

Small, delicate, aerial Lucy S——! yes, one might swear that she could no more toil or spin than one of the lilies of the field which she eclipses in its native glory; and yet there she is, toiling and spinning through life as though it had no end; never once wanting that, which so many troubled and weary hearts are doomed to want always—rest, rest—rest.

When she has seen an exhibition in the forenoon, she is ready for a concert at one; and the opera or a play at night, admirably qualifies her for her evening's pastime afterwards—her few songs, or her quadrille, or her laughing, innocent game of romps, or an eager, animated dissertation on *all* the new novels—oceans of them are not too many. Her day is thirty hours long at least; and when her little wild head

does at length drop upon its pillow, it is only to dream that she is keeping it up still.

Well might she marvel, in her innocent and heedless enthusiasm, that one who had gone up in an air-balloon should ever have entertained the strange idea of coming down.

Lucy S——'s giddy exclamation suggested to my mind remembrances of the many modes of "keeping it up," by which people contrive to get driven out to sea when they might be safely lodged on the coast of Sussex—of the myriads of balloons that are adventurously kept up, until that unlucky and unlooked-for minute, when the descent becomes an involuntary one.

The angry wife is an aeronaut of this order. Knowing that words are but air, she fancies that she cannot have too many of them. Up she shoots, heedless whither the gust of passion carries her. Some uncomfortable sensation—a sudden chill at the heart—a pang produced by a nervous bite self-inflicted on the tip of the talking organ—whispers, perhaps, that she is going too far, and warns her to descend in time; but pride and folly tell her to keep it up in spite of everything, and just as she succeeds triumphantly in having what she was resolved to have—the last word—she suddenly drops, and sees herself "alone on a wide, wide sea," without a chance of rising more.

I thought as quickly of the perversity which the other sex exhibits in that and a thousand similar respects. I pictured the dissipated speculator who, finding that he has taken the wrong path, resolves to pursue it to the end, if only for the sake of seeing whether there is a thoroughfare or not. I drew an image of the foolish crotcheteer, who, rather than acknowledge that his is a crotchet, would quarrel with the whole world,—call friend and neighbour, knave and fool,—and at last dashes his brains out to demonstrate his coolness and good sense. I saw in idea the hobby-hunter who, having just been thrown by one vicious jade mounts with weakened limbs another of the same breed, and so continues riding between hospital and hospital—bravely resolved ever to keep it up, though evermore destined to be cast down.

The infinite shapes which folly assumes, when the principle of keeping it up has once taken possession of the soul of a sane being, occurred in rapid succession to my mind. One man gets trapped on the turf, only to learn the lesson that, once entered there, he must keep it up, or be ruined; another cannot for his life help riding after a pack of hounds of his own, and when he has shewn that he can keep it up at a pretty good pace, everybody knows what animals he is going to.

A taste for farming takes hold of one sensible fellow, and when it has converted his head into a turnip of a very indifferent sort, he discovers that farming is a thing which requires to be constantly kept up, or else it is apt to prove a failure; while another, equally judicious, having sought the bubble reputation by inditing a pamphlet, finds out that fame requires to be kept up by continual effort, and so prints away a respectable fortune in pamphlets for private circulation.

If the same man entered Parliament, and succeeded in fixing the attention of the House, he would try to keep it up until two in the morning. If the country, in defiance of painful and high-priced experience, had been hoaxed into a belief in his patriotism and independence, he would keep up the old tone and the old air, long after the

mask had fallen off, and go on trying to hoax still, to the end of life's stormy and unprofitable session.

Even in their pastimes, people exhibit the same partialities, with, where this principle prevails, the same inevitable tendencies. The professor of boating keeps it up by rowing under a paddle-wheel, as the man of whist keeps it up by putting down double stakes.

In short, every man has his kite to fly, be it of what shape it may, and the majority are led on to constant but unreluctant sacrifice in the endeavour to keep it up.

Of all conceivable forms in which the false strain can betray itself, the most pitiful and humiliating, perhaps, is that which is commonly described by the expression, "Keeping up appearances." The ludicrous, to be sure, in many cases here, prevails over the lamentable. The shifts remind us too forcibly of our farcical friend Caleb Balderstone, to carry with them our graver sympathies, or to awaken serious resentment.

We laugh, for example, at the impotent attempt to make "plain Bill" look like "the page Adolphus;" and to our immense amusement, can see clearly through the clever window-blinds, carefully newspapered-up, to publish the false intelligence that the family are out of town for the season. The display of aristocratic cards on the little table in the passage, and the occasional mention of dear Lord Somebody, are nothing worse than a good joke; nor is it worth while, save for the sake of fun, to inquire too curiously into the bargain, by which the comfortable fly is to be made to look as unhired as possible.

But if we would see this sort of "keeping it up" in all its meanness and all its misery, we must step inside, become a boarder, and be as one of the disguised, the desperate, the forlorn family. Then shall we witness a series of anxious, agonizing struggles, continued hour by hour throughout the long day, compared with which the life-and-death struggles of utter poverty itself are but as sports and pastimes under the wall of Paradise.

Of all torture, none can equal that which is forced to hide the natural expression of its suffering under a look of elegant and languishing repose; and of all the pangs of poverty, none can equal the anguish of a protracted and indeed endless effort to mask want under the appearance of ease and affluence. It is one of the peculiar miseries of this condition, that every attempt to conceal the cruel need is a sacrifice that adds to it—the guinea gracefully rendered to the superfluities, is actually stolen from the necessities, on purpose to shew that they have no existence.

For the ends of true comfort and dignity, not a doit can be spared; all, to the very uttermost fraction, is needed to keep up the display of whatever is comfortable and dignified in the eyes of strangers, to the increased stringency of the hidden want within doors. Most melancholy, most degraded, yet wide-spread condition of the civilized lot! It is heart-sickening to think how many thousands, in every rank of life except the lowest of all, voluntarily submit themselves to the false law; and give up their hearts to the tearing and grinding of real suffering, suffering unspeakable, for the sake of keeping up a hollow, laughing fiction, that after a brief time imposes upon nobody—that nobody cares a straw about except in his own case—that excites neither respect nor envy, but ever insults the misery it helps to cause.

Is there a tyrant named in any language known to man—figured even in horrible fancy by any mind existing since the gloomy and portentous birth-day of the first Hypocrite, “a long time ago”—that ever held, or ever can hold, so relentless and crushing a sway over all that is honest and naked in our souls, as this detestable and deadly tyrant, Appearances—this masked Monster, of whom nine-tenths of the human race are in some shape, and in some degree, the slaves, the worshippers, and the victims!

A story occurs to my recollection, illustrative of another operation of this variously-acting principle—keeping it up—that will be novel to most readers, and not uninteresting to any. Many years ago it made its appearance where it now perhaps lies buried, amidst a mass of parliamentary news and political disquisition;* but it is an excellent story, and is related by a pen which, whatever may be its defects, never wanted the English literary virtue of being clear, homely, and expressive. It is as true and direct, as Defoe.

“I was once acquainted with a *famous shooter*—he was a barrister of Philadelphia, but became far more renowned by his gun than his law cases. We spent scores of days together a shooting, and were extremely well matched; I having excellent dogs, and caring little about my reputation as a shot, his dogs being good for nothing, and he caring more about his reputation as a shot than as a lawyer. The fact which I am going to relate respecting this gentleman, ought to be a warning to young men how they become enamoured of this species of vanity. We had gone about ten miles from our home, to shoot, where partridges were said to be plentiful. We found them so. In the course of a November day he had, just before dark, shot, and sent to the farm-house, or kept in his bag, *ninety-nine* partridges. He made some few *double shots*, and he might have a miss or two, for he sometimes shot when out of my sight, on account of the woods. However, he said that he killed at every shot; and, as he had counted the birds when he went to dinner at the farm-house, and when he cleaned his gun, he, just before sunset, knew that he had killed *ninety-nine* partridges, every one upon the wing, and a great part of them in woods very thickly set with large trees. It was a grand achievement; but, unfortunately, he wanted to make it a *hundred*! The sun was *setting*; and in that country, darkness comes almost at once; it is more like the going out of a candle than that of a fire, and I wanted to be off, as we had a very bad road to go, and as he, being under strict petticoat government, to which he most loyally and dutifully submitted, was compelled to get home that night, taking me with him—the vehicle (horse and gig) being mine. I therefore pressed him to come away, and moved on, in haste to be off. No; he would kill the *hundredth* bird! In vain did I talk of the bad road, and its many dangers for want of moon. The poor partridges, which we had scattered about, were *calling* all around us; and, just at this moment, up got one under his feet, in a field in which the wheat was three or four inches high. He shot, and *missed*. ‘That’s it!’ said he, running as if to *pick up* the bird. ‘What!’ said I, ‘you don’t think you *killed*, do you? Why, there is the bird now, not only alive, but *calling* in that wood;’ which was at about a hundred yards distance. He, in that *form of words* usually employed in such cases, asserted that he shot the bird, and saw it fall; and I, in much about the same form of words, asserted that he had *missed*; and that I, with my own eyes, saw the bird fly into the wood. This was too much!—to *miss* once out of a hundred times! To lose such a chance of immortality! He was a good-humoured man; I liked him very much; and I could not help feeling for him, when he said, ‘Well, Sir, I killed the bird; and if you choose to go away, and take your dog away, so as to prevent me from *finding* it, you must do it: the dog is *yours*, to be sure.’ ‘The dog,’ said I, in a very mild tone; ‘why, there is the spot; and could we not see it, upon this smooth green surface, if it was there?’ However, he began to *look about*; and I called the dog, and affected to *join him in his search*. Pity for his weakness got the better of my dread of the bad road. After walking backwards and forwards many times upon about twenty yards square, with our eyes fixed to the ground,

* In Cobbett’s Register

looking for what both of us knew was not there, I had *passed him*, (he going one way, and I the other,) and I happened to be turning round just after I had passed him, when I saw him putting his hand behind him, *take a partridge out of his bag, and let it fall upon the ground!* I felt no temptation to detect him, but turned away my head, and kept looking about. Presently he, having returned to the spot where the bird was, called out to me, in a most triumphant tone,—‘*Here! Here! Come here!*’ I went up to him, and he pointing with his finger down to the bird, and looking hard in my face, at the same time, said, ‘There, I hope that will be a *warning* to you never to be obstinate again!’ ‘Well,’ said I, ‘come along;’ and away we went, as merry as larks. When we got to Brown’s, he told them the story, triumphed over me most clamorously; and though he often repeated the story to my face, I never had the heart to let him know that I knew of the imposition, which puerile vanity had induced so sensible and honourable a man to be mean enough to practise.”

This, oh! sweet little Lucy S——, is no uninstrusive chapter in the history of human character—if you will but bow your head quietly to read it. This all comes of the determination not to give in—in other words, of that same disposition to “keep it up”—whereof we are discoursing; and he who permits himself to be so carried away by vanity, may perchance fall headlong into a deeper sea than the aeronaut whose machine bursts a mile above the broad ocean. Cobbett’s “famous shooter” had a reputation to keep up, but he was at least as expert with the longbow as with the gun, and could maintain a falsehood as easily as he could fire.

Let those, dear Lucy, who are but just beginning their course of lies in life, only think for an instant, how and by what means sportsmen of this order, when they have once declared that they brought down their bird, will dare to keep up their fiction!—by what means, being wrong at first, they will at all risks move further from right, rather than own the error! What cloaks of falsehood (that become as winding-sheets) they will fling around them, to conceal the first flimsy garb of deception which vanity had prompted them to put on! What blackness they will dye their brows in, rather than be seen to blush!

Oh! my Lucy S——, never in your own person can you need a lesson so grave as this; but you may require to learn that people should not keep it up overmuch, even when the object is but a shuttlecock. Some will keep up their very jokes, until they are echoed by sighs of pain instead of laughter—their little friendly hoaxes and mystifications, until they become offences dire. Some cannot so much as fall into the humour of a lively laughing game of frights, without frightening somebody else into fits; they must keep it up. Be not this fault thine.

But to shew thee that every rule has its exception, take this loving, if still needless hint, into thy gentle keeping. When thou hast a good cause to uphold—a cause just and generous, uphold it perseveringly, let it not fall: and as, unburdened by ill thoughts or ill deeds, thy conscientious little head, amidst the many that hang down abashed and afraid, is turned, in thy wanderings upon earth, toward the heaven where angels weep over the fantastic tricks of mortals—why,—*keep it up!*

Our Library Table.

SHAKSPERE.

The Illustrated Shakspeare. Designs by Kenny Meadows. Memoir and Essay by Barry Cornwall. Tyas.—The several editions of Shakspeare which have been so long in a course of periodical publication, are drawing, or have drawn by this time, to a close. Each, doubtless, has its particular merits; and the world, and the fame of Shakspeare, are wide enough for them all.

Custom can never stale his infinite variety; nor can any edition of his works, if worthily produced, ever want purchasers. Thousands and thousands of new readers are continually being born unto him; as civilization, as the love of humanity, the true ends of all rational life, as these become more advanced and understood, the circle of his influence must widen; as the English language diffuses itself even more extensively than it yet has done over the inhabited globe, Shakspeare's humanizing and refining genius must be diffused with it, as the sweetest and richest treasure it contains; and thus new hands, multiplied more and more even to the end of time, must be eagerly stretched forth to purchase endlessly-renewed editions, and to welcome editors and illustrators in rapid and prosperous succession.

The present edition has, in our judgment, without disparaging the claims of its contemporaries, interests to recommend it peculiarly its own. In the first place, it is illustrated with a series of wood-engravings, scattered over the ample pages of three volumes with a profusion hitherto unequalled, "the pomp and prodigality" of art; and in the second place, it is ushered in by a memoir of the poet, and an essay upon his genius, from a pen which ever deserves (though its appearances of late years have been scarce) a respectful and grateful welcome; which ever excites, and as often rewards, expectation; and which, being indeed the pen of a poet as well as a critic, can never be better entitled to attention in its prose vocation, than when essaying to illustrate the genius and character of the Greatest of all Poets.

Before we turn to the pictorial illustrations by Meadows, who has by these designs deserved an honouring welcome from the appreciators of Shakspeare, we shall linger as long as our space may permit, over the alluring pages of Barry Cornwall.

Those who might expect to find in these records any new light flung upon the poet's personal history and character, would be disappointed—but no one else. Barry Cornwall has devoted just as much of his research as was needful to the investigation of the wide field, which surrounds the few certain and authenticated facts, relative to Shakspeare's worldly "whereabout," that came down to us long since, or have more recently been collected; and of rumours and speculations he has made a temperate and satisfactory use. We must, as he says, take some things upon trust; and the advantage here is, that we have a full reliance both on the right feeling and the sagacious observation of our guide. Without offering in detail his reasons for accepting or rejecting a statement, he "adopts silently those only which appear to approach nearest to the truth."

The biographer then gives, in simple arrangement, and in language that renders whatever is related as little obscure as possible, those details relative to Shakspeare's family, his education, his early life, his marriage, and subsequent career as player and dramatist, which will best bear to be received as a credible and consistent biography. Many acute and excellent remarks are intermingled with this narrative; but the speculation never runs wild; nor, as is too often the case, is the writer in a single instance betrayed into the vanity of seeking rather the display of his own ingenuity than the reader's enlightenment and the exposition of facts and probabilities.

The same judicious course has been taken in investigating the order of the poet's works, as tokens or proofs of the progressive development of his know-

ledge, experience, and genius. As no satisfactory evidence was ever given as to the precise time at which any production of Shakspeare was written, Barry Cornwall concludes that there is no evidence like the internal evidence—no proof like the plays themselves; and on this evidence, as offered by works of such opposite and ever-varying qualities, he remarks with a just discrimination.

The second part of the subject brings us to the essay on the magnificent and unequalled genius of him, the details of whose active and astonishing life—it terminated at fifty two—have just been supplied in such a scanty and unsatisfying measure. And first let us hear what a poet has to say about poetry.

“We do not encourage the poet; but we encourage the chemist and the miner, the capitalist, the manufacturer. We encourage voyagers, who penetrate the forests of Mexico, the South Indian pampas, and the sterile tracts of Africa, beyond the Mountains of the Moon. These people tell us of new objects of commerce; they bring us tidings of unknown lands. Yet, what a vast unexplored world lies about us! what a dominion, beyond the reach of any traveller—beyond the strength of the steam-engine—nay, even beyond the power of material light itself to penetrate—is there to be attained in that region of the brain! Much have the poets won, from time to time, out of that deep obscure. Homer has bequeathed to us his discoveries, and Dante also, and our greater Shakspeare. They are the same now, as valuable now, as on the day whereon they were made. In our earth, all is for ever changing. One traveller visits a near or a distant country; he sees traces (temples or monuments) of human power; but unforeseen events, earthquake or tempest, obliterate them; or the people who dwelt near them migrate; the eternal forest grows round and hides them; or they are left to perish, for the sake of a new artist, whose labours are effaced in their turn. And so goes on the continual change, the continual decay. Governments and systems change; codes of law, theories philosophical, arts in war, demonstrations in physics. Everything perishes except Truth, and the worship of Truth, and poetry, which is its enduring language.”

After a brief and lucid exposition of the state of literature when Shakspeare rose, comes an assertion of the beneficent and enduring influence of his power, to which all will gratefully subscribe.

“Such was the state of things when Shakspeare came; the good Genius, who brought health and truth, and light and life, into the English drama; who extended its limits to the extremity of the earth, nay, into the air itself; and peopled the regions which he traversed, with beings of every shape, and hue, and quality, that experience or the imagination of a great poet could suggest. . . . The *full* importance of his writings to the land he lived in, will never, perhaps, be generally understood. Their effect can scarcely be exaggerated. The national intellect is continually recurring to them for renovation and increase of power—

‘As to their fountain, other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light.’

They are a perpetual preservative against false taste and false notions. Their great author is the true reformer. He stands midway between the proud aristocracy of rank and wealth, and that ‘fierce democratie’ which would overwhelm all things in its whirl; a true philosopher; a magician more potent than his own *Prospero*, and never otherwise than beneficent and wise.”

There is an excellent remark on the form which Shakspeare’s genius happily took—the dramatic.

“No vain man, and, as I believe, no bad man, can ever become a great dramatist. First, throughout the entire play he must altogether forget himself. His characters must have no taint or touch of his own peculiar opinions. He must forget his own humours; he must forbear to manifest his own weaknesses; he must banish his own sentiments on every subject within the range of the play. He must understand exactly how nature operates on every constitution of mind, and under every accident; and let his *dramatis personæ* speak and act accordingly. And, secondly, he must have a heart capable of sympathizing with all; with the hero and the coward; with the jealous man and the ambitious man; the lover and the despiser of love; with the Roman matron, the budding Italian girl, the tender and constant English wife; with people of all ranks, and ages, and humours, however widely they may differ from himself.”

In the examination of the plays and characters of Shakspeare, we detect many of those delicacies of true criticism, in which a native feeling for high poetry, and a profound knowledge of the various arts of expression appertaining to it, are equally combined; and in the treatment of every subject, howsoever brief and glancing may be the remarks made, we are enabled to see that the critic has thought deeply, and searched into it on all sides. We can offer, however, only this very general picture of the mode in which Barry Cornwall has executed his grateful and reverential task; for to give instances is impossible. One passage may serve to shew the spirit and power of the commentary. Here is no cold line-measurer writing:—

“One of the characteristic marks of Othello is his language. Shakspeare forgot nothing. Othello is exhibited not only as a soldier, a tender husband, and a jealous man, but also as a *Moor*. As the drama proceeds, we see the Moorish blood running through and colouring everything he utters; as the red dawn flows in upon and illuminates the eastern sky. His words are as oriental as his dress—ample, picturesque, and magnificent.”

The moral effect of Shakspeare's writings, and the services they have rendered to succeeding generations of men, are subjects on which our living poet discourses eloquently and truly. He estimates with a refined taste and a noble enthusiasm, the infinite points of greatness which his theme presents,—treating it always with the passion of a poet, and the philosophy of a critic gifted with “the understanding of the heart.”

— Here we turn off to the Artist's pages, and, we rejoice to say, without abating the warmth of our eulogy.

Many of the designs of Kenny Meadows—those in the earlier portions of the work—have become as familiar to us as the text; and truly may it be said, that in very many instances they illustrate that text with singular fidelity; being as true to the passage chosen, the act or the play symbolized, as fancy can be to fancy, wit to wit, poetry to poetry.

Scores of pictured Shaksperes have been published ere now; but in point of extent no edition was ever so enriched; then again, where any variety of illustration has been attempted, the task has been given to divers hands instead of one. Here we must recollect, in estimating the performance of Mr. Meadows, that one mind alone has been at work; and that the illustrator of *Macbeth* is the illustrator of *Taming of the Shrew*—the same pencil had to deal with the revelries of *Sir Toby*, the fantastic graces of *Ariel*, the severities of *Timon*, the beauty and passion of *Juliet*. Every part of the great whole demanded its separate effort; every leading agent in each part must be individually portrayed. The play itself was to be prefigured in some emblematical device, some expressive ornament; the spirit or the business of each act in succession was in the same manner to be indicated by a design; and the characters, in all their wonderful, their inexhaustible variety—creatures of the world of substance and of the world of shadows—were then to be introduced, singly or in groups, as many as the volume would hold.

All this (it is necessary to bear in mind) is more than any *one* artist is capable of performing “with equal hand.” Shakspeare entire, is too much for any man's art. But Mr. Meadows has aimed greatly, and accomplished not a little. His designs, taking them in all their varieties of excellence, evince a mind that thinks for itself, and thinks deeply, too. The mark of original conception is on the great mass of them—on some even, which inferior execution may render comparatively valueless. They are not commonplace or vulgar; defective in drawing, faulty in elaboration of ornament, they may sometimes be; it may be easy to point out a few that seem forced in idea, and others that have been too hastily struck off—a fault attendant on the mode of publication. But whenever the artist has a fair chance, he shews us with what strength and delicacy, with what playfulness, as well as earnestness, he can handle his vast subject. The wit and humour, the exquisite fancy and imagination of Shakspeare, are in very many of them; and both the spirit and the scenic points of the great dramas, comic and tragic, are often illustrated, not by pompous commonplaces or tame conventionalities, but by designs simple, elegant, expressive—wild, startling, and imaginative, by turns.

In the tragic dramas, grand combinations are sometimes aimed at, where effect is difficult; but most of them betoken power; and in the airier and more comic dramas, there are numerous examples of felicitous thought penetrating into the very core of the poet's meaning, and fully bearing out the opinion given by Barry Cornwall—that many of Shakspeare's delicacies are here delicately handled. Considering the immense number of the cuts, the engravers, led by Mr. Orrin Smith, have well performed their protracted labours.

The notes to this edition are not numerous; a few words are given when required, and only then. They evince judgment and care. Each play has its introductory page, in which these qualities often appear, combined with a nice critical taste, and a keen perception of the moral as well as the intellectual points of the performance. We have noticed many charming passages. In this, as in other respects, the labour has been—what all art and all literature aiming to illustrate Shakspeare must ever be, if worthy of him—a Labour of Love.

HYDROPATHY.

The Dangers of the Water Cure. By Dr. J. Wilson and Dr. J. M. Gully. Cunningham and Mortimer.—Hydropathy, now vaunted as a novelty, and proclaimed as one of the greatest discoveries of modern science, is the eldest and most general means of curing diseases. Springs have, from the most remote periods, been reverentially regarded in proportion as they were clear, pure, and wholesome. Paganism, Muhammedanism, and Christianity, have sanctified such, each in their own way. The pellucid and often caverned springs of cold water, which served as panaceas to all evils in the Druidical mysteries; the holy wells of our own land, with their trophies of hand-barrows and crutches, and their pathways of penitence; the consecrated fountains of the Continent, with their anniversary garlands and candles; and the architectural pomp of Oriental springs, with their wide-spreading chinars, are all existing attestations of a principle universally admitted, obtaining from all times, and repeated throughout holy writ, and profane prose and verse, as one of the greatest blessings bestowed upon mankind.

We find reference in the Scriptures to water possessing a divine power. The Egyptians and Chaldeans disputed whether the god of fire or of water was the most powerful, and the latter was declared victorious, as strengthening health and curing disease. The nations of antiquity, with one common consent, used baths and ablutions of the whole person. The Spartans strung their nerves for Thermopylæ, by daily baths in the Eurotas. The current proverb among the Romans was, "*Nec degere nec nature dedicet.*" Pindar says, ἀριστον μὲν ὕδωρ—"water is the best thing," and it has been recommended by the professors of the curative art, as a remedial means, from the earliest times to the present. It was recommended by Pythagoras (530, B.C.), and Hippocrates, the father of medicine, (454, B.C.) Asclepiades acquired by his zealous championship of bathing, the name of Ψυχρολουτῆς, cold bather. Antonius Musa restored Augustus Cæsar and Horace to health by the use of cold water; Alexander the Great was, on the contrary, nearly killed by an injudicious bath in the Cydnus. Christianity sanctioned the use of river baths by baptism. Galen (131—200) applied both cold and warm water in his practice. From these early times to the present, water has always been more or less used as a remedial, as well as a dietetic agent. It was used by the Arab physicians, Rhazes and Avicenna, by the Italian school, and the Germans, French, and English. Dr. Oertel, in his "*History of the Water Cure, from Hebrew Times down to the Present,*" in German, enumerates three hundred scientific authorities, who have practised the water cure, of which no less than fifteen belong to this country.

One of the claims to novelty is in the practical application of the water cure, and here certainly the wet sheet and the umschlags, or wet bandages, present some claims as such; but we seriously protest against such language as is used by Drs. Wilson and Gully, who proclaim the whole profession to be dishonest, for merely suggesting that the incautious use of these means may be attended with danger! The various modes of general and local bathing

present little that is new, for there can be but little difference between part of the head immersed in a basin, and cold towels applied to the same.

Another claim to novelty, still more triumphantly announced, is, establishing hydropathy as a science. It certainly is not the vague, undefined, and unphilosophical humoral theory of Priessnitz, which has made it so; for not one of those who have been carried away by this great rush of waters, have yet ventured to follow in the same boat with their great illiterate master. Let us look to the various authors who have written on hydropathy. Dr. Schlemmer admits an indwelling curative power, and asserts that water animates and strengthens this power by its electrified oxygen, and expels those diseased matters which obstruct it. Dr. Freeman views all disease as consisting either in an excess, a deficiency, or an irregularity, of the natural condition or action of the parts in which it is seated, and that water acts in curing these, as depressive of increased action, as restorative or alterative. Mr. Beamish considers water to act by *diluting* the blood, and by the large amount of oxygen which it contains, exciting the various excretory organs to more vigorous action, by which those substances, not calculated by their quality or quantity for being assimilated, are more readily removed. Drs. Wilson and Gully consider disease as the effort of internal or vital organs to cast their mischief on external and less important organs, and water to act in assisting this operation of nature. Dr. Johnson, considering life, after Liebig, as a state of resistance between two antagonizing forces—a conservative and a destructive force—considers health as the balancing of these forces, and the disturbance of that balance to be disease, and the water-cure to be such, by exalting the resisting energy of the vital force; and it is but a change of words to adapt the same theory to Dr. Billing's theory of disease emanating from impressions made on the nerves, by which the nervous influence is enhanced or diminished. It is obvious, however, that where each writer has his own peculiar theory, the subject cannot be said to have attained the perfection of a science, although we allow that the labours of the learned are approximating close to it.

The theories of disease above propounded would be more simply and effectively expressed by saying that disease is the abnormal action of part or parts of the human frame, induced by an infringement of the natural laws. The curative operations of nature are, to drive disease from the affected part to others which are more immediately in relation with the atmosphere, (the curative action being viewed as the diseased action by Drs. Wilson and Gully,) and the objects of the physician are to assist this indication, and at the same time keep up those relations of nutritious matters, and of oxygen introduced into the system, which are the first conditions of human life, (Liebig, p. 12,) and we believe that the first of these indications can be fulfilled by the use of water alone, but the second requires an extensive acquaintance with physiology and chemistry.

In the face of these facts, many writers extol Priessnitz almost as an inspired man, while Professor Oertel disputes with him the more modest title of *regenerator* of hydropathy. The burst of novelty over, and the water-cure will obtain a just and deliberate appreciation. The application of cold water in surgical complaints, and in some medical cases, is now in use in every well-regulated hospital in the United Kingdom, and it will become more extensively adopted by all who recognise that it is by nature that diseases are cured, and that the greatest of all arts—the interpretation of nature, as Bacon has it, is the task.

But as water is a remedial means, so also it is a preventive one. It is the antagonist of all other beverages—the one most in accordance with the natural laws, and therefore the one best adapted to secure health and longevity; and we hope that, without going to an opposite extreme, like Naaman the Syrian, who, when told to wash and be clean, turned away from the river in a rage, or being driven from holy wells and fountains because superstition once led our ancestors thither, mankind will continue to drink water, (and that before breakfast, and during fever or dropsy if nature dictate it,) and to wash themselves, and to bathe themselves, and to use water as a remedial means, without paying hero-worship to the Grafenberg peasant, or believing that the discovery of the blessings of water remained to be effected in the nineteenth century.

THE DUCHESSE DE MAZARIN AT CHELLES.

BY MISS PARDOE.

PART II.

Thus, then, the duke departed, baffled and dissatisfied; and Madame de Mazarin, when she had ascertained that he was fairly on his way to the place of his destination, lost no time in applying for an audience of the king, to whose presence she was conducted by the Princess of Baden, when the justice of her case appeared to Louis so unequivocal, that he consented, without hesitation, to her proposal of opening the process. M. Colbert, however, created such numerous delays, and professed so much repugnance to the scandal which must ensue, from the disclosures that would inevitably take place during the progress of the transaction, and for which all Paris was agape, that Madame de Mazarin, who felt that she was exhausting her energies and undermining her health by a personal participation in a struggle in which she could not individually effect any good result, returned to her convent, and left the care of her interests to her legal advisers and relatives.

The unfortunate lady failed not, however, during her audience of the sovereign, to make him conscious of the gratuitous insult offered both to herself and to Madame de la Porte, by her removal, without reason, to another religious house, after she had been so affectionately received and welcomed by the kinswoman of her husband; and although Louis was so punctilious, where he had once passed his word, that he would not sanction her return to Chelles until the close of the duke's sojourn in Brittany, Monsieur de Mazarin had no sooner announced his immediate arrival in the capital, than the chivalrous monarch dispatched a couple of the royal carriages to St. Mary's, to convey the duchess and her attendants once more to the protection of Madame de la Porte; thus by a considerate condescension, never anticipated by either party, restoring to the abbess the honour of her house, and to Madame de Mazarin, the comfort of a congenial asylum and the society of a valued and respected friend, while the arrangement was, moreover, so judiciously timed, that the calèche of the duke passed through the gates of Paris precisely on the same day that those of Chelles once more closed upon the duchess.

It was only a few days subsequent to this event, and the fluttered and flattered community were still busied in commenting among themselves upon the high honour which had accrued to them, from the apparition of the royal carriages at their door, and the restoration of their noble inmates, when the three ladies were grouped together, as already described, in the parlour of the abbess.

The rebuke which was addressed by the holy superior to the laughter-loving Madame de Courcelles was neither long nor stern; for the *espègleries* of the pretty countess never involved either suffering or sorrow, and were therefore easily forgiven; but the duchess was more than usually dejected, for she had so thoroughly habituated herself to the peaceful monotony of the convent, that she looked forward

with dread to the next mandate of her imperious lord; and even the playful delinquency and attempted penitence of Madame de Courcelles had failed to elicit a smile from her unhappy friend, who, absorbed by her own saddening reflections, and almost unconscious of the presence of her companions, was silently pursuing her monotonous occupation, when the door opened, and a lay-sister, half bewildered by terror, entered the room, and presented a letter to the abbess. At the same moment, the clatter of horse-hoofs upon the pavement of the area before the convent could be distinctly heard through the open portal; and the sound was at once so unseemly and so unusual, that as it fell upon her ear, the duchess rose hastily from her seat, and with a pale cheek and quivering lip, approached the superior, and exclaimed, in a voice which despair had rendered firm—

“What says the missive, holy mother? Am I to be driven like a culprit to a new dungeon?—am I called to undergo a new trial? Do not seek to delay your tidings, or to tamper with my anxiety. It is for me that your walls are desecrated by the presence of armed men!—they are many, and they seek *me*! Mother!”—and as she spoke, she sank upon her knees—“will you indeed abandon me to insult and injury like this?”

“Never!” said the abbess, rising proudly from her seat, and extending her hand to the noble suppliant. “Rise, Hortense Mancini!—let the guilty kneel! Am I to be braved, like an infant, at the head of my own community? Did I not receive you from the hands of the king, scarce a week back?—and shall I suffer you to be dragged, like a felon, from beneath my roof?—Never, by all the saints! Duchess of Mazarin, this letter was indeed brought by your unworthy husband. He is without, at the head of sixty mounted followers; and the paper which I hold in my hand is an order from the Archbishop of Paris for his admission into the convent, that in the event of your refusing voluntarily to accompany him to the capital, he may be enabled to remove you by force.”

“Thus I am lost indeed!” murmured Madame de Mazarin, wringing her hands, and then burying her face in her spread palms.

“Again I say ‘no!’—a thousand times, ‘no!’—You are and shall be safe,” said the abbess, with dignity. “My nephew may wear a ducal coronet, and invest my house, as though it were a beleaguered city, but we are still in possession of the citadel, and even while he dreams that his purpose is effected, we will convince him of its failure!”

“M. le Duc,” interposed Madame de Courcelles, who, even at that moment of anxiety, could not restrain her buoyancy of spirit—“M. le Duc is fated to be unfortunate in his dreams, holy mother; for only a few months back, he waited upon the king, and informed his majesty that he had been honoured by a visit from the angel Gabriel, who had charged him to inform his royal master that he must forthwith part from Madame de la Vallière; whereupon, Louis, who does not understand raillery on so delicate a point, replied that the angel had also appeared to himself, and more than hinted that M. de Mazarin was a madman.”

“Peace, daughter!” said the abbess, sternly; “the story is out of taste as well as season, when told at such a time, and to two of the duke’s kinswomen.”

"Was it not enough," wept Madame de Mazarin, as she flung herself upon a seat, "that the perseverance of M. de Mazarin, combined with circumstances which controlled my unhappy destiny, should have eventually enabled him to secure my hand, even after the cardinal, my uncle, had declared that he would rather bestow it upon his valet? Was it not enough that he became at once the master both of myself, for whom he had long either felt or feigned a passion without bounds, and of the eleven millions which formed my dowry, but must he still, after blighting my youth and dissipating my fortune, pursue me even here with his unrelenting tyranny? Oh, madam—mother! shew me some method of escape from this monstrous, this hateful vassalage, alike of body and of spirit, or my heart will break!"

"Calm yourself, daughter," said the abbess; "none enter here save by my good pleasure; and I forbid all ingress to the duke, your husband. Even M. de Paris will, I am sure, admit that I owe this refusal to my self-respect, when he learns that M. de Mazarin has approached my threshold in the character of a trooper, rather than in that of a noble."

The superior was interrupted by the entrance of a second lay-sister, who, scared almost out of her ordinary respect, exclaimed, hurriedly—"His highness the duke is impatient for entrance, holy mother; he says that he will remain without no longer, and has ordered sister Therese to unbar the door!"

"Let sister Therese obey him at her peril!" said the abbess, peremptorily. "How now! have ye yet to learn your duty, that ye cannot await my good pleasure in all things? You will ring in the midnight mass for this sinful disrespect, sister Clotilde! and now retire, and school your spirit into the calm befitting your vocation."

The rebuked and discomfited nun withdrew, as she was commanded, silent and abashed, with her hands meekly folded before her, and her eyes rivetted to the ground, and the abbess, as the door closed, drew two ponderous keys from her girdle and held them towards the duchess.

"Kinswoman," she said, as composedly as though the usual tranquillity of her existence had suffered no interruption—"here are the keys of the holy Abbey of Chelles. You are abbess for to-day, and none shall question your authority. I exact only that you shall see and expostulate with M. de Mazarin at the grate."

The heart of the duchess was too full for thanks, but as she received the precious keys, she raised to her lips the hand by which they were presented, and then, with a flashing eye and a burning cheek, she beckoned to Madame de Courcelles to attend her, and left the room.

Great was the astonishment of the duke, when, on entering the hall of the convent, where he was still separated from the interior of the building by an iron grating, he found himself in the presence, not of his aunt, the abbess, but of his wife and her friend, both of whom were waiting to receive him behind this impenetrable screen.

"Permit me, M. le Duc, to welcome you back from Brittany," said the duchess, struggling to preserve the appearance of a composure which she was far from feeling; and her greeting was echoed by a joyous "*Soyez le bien-venu, M. le Duc!*" from the clear voice of Madame de Courcelles, to whom the whole proceeding appeared so bizarre and original, that she was rather amused than dismayed.

"I have not come hither to bandy compliments, duchess!" was the abrupt reply. "Are you prepared to accompany me forthwith to Paris?"

"By no means. My intention is to remain at Chelles, under the protection of your good and pious aunt."

"I will permit no such folly! Is a woman of your rank to live for ever immured within four walls, like a *bourgeoise* who has taken the veil, to invest her insignificance with dignity? I come armed with the sanction of the metropolitan archbishop to enter the convent at my good will and pleasure; and should you rebel against your duty as a wife, and oppose my wishes for your immediate departure hence, I am prepared to compel the compliance which I cannot induce; and I at once declare that I will avail myself of the authority of M. de Paris."

"I resist his authority," said the duchess, quietly.

M. de Mazarin laughed the low, bitter laugh of ignoble triumph. "As you please. I shall, then, compel your submission! Where is the lady abbess?"

"You see her before you. What is your pleasure?"

"Nay, nay, I will brook no fooling—I am in no mood for women's jests. Let the abbess come forward and give me entrance, according to the orders of the archbishop."

"Again I say that I am abbess for the day, M. de Mazarin, and that I hold the keys!" said the duchess, whose courage rose with the conviction of her impunity. "We had no sooner learnt that you had come to this holy house booted and spurred, at the head of a band of troopers, than your pious kinswoman, whose peaceful avocations unfit her for the brawlings of intemperate passion and the outpourings of selfish tyranny, resigned to me the onerous duties of her station—and I will do no discredit to her trust. For shame, sir!—did you think to kidnap a noble lady, as you would have carried off the daughter of a churl? Had you so little respect for the woman who might twice have worn a crown,* had her uncle been a worse Christian or a weaker patriot, as to seek to drag her through the country, like a convicted felon?"

"Madame de Mazarin, I insist upon immediate admission!" exclaimed the duke, in a voice half choked with passion.

"Ingress or egress shall none have throughout the day!" was the reply of the duchess. "Persist no longer in your disgraceful purpose, for you will fail.—Oh, Charles!" she continued, in extreme emotion, as her woman's heart suddenly gave way, and the tears fell in a shower on her pale cheeks—"how bitterly have you hitherto misused your power! Chance made me yours when I was yet a child; and the flowers of my bridal wreath had not yet withered, when I was summoned to strew them over my uncle's corse! You might have made me all that you would, had you then acted kindly towards me, for I loved you—and where a young, pure woman loves, and is beloved in turn, she knows no wish, no will, no law, no happiness, save his in whom she has bound up her hope! But you sported with my tenderness—you treated my affection as a jest—and in your infatuated

* Proposals were made to the Cardinal Mazarin for the hand of his beautiful niece and heiress both from the King of England and the Duke of Savoy.

selfishness, you taunted me with having wronged you, and thus taught me, in the honest, unsuspecting days of my girlhood, that crime and dishonour could come between a wife and him whom she had vowed to cherish and to love throughout existence! This was the first wrong you did me, duke, and it was a bitter one! Had you been a man, you would have expiated the evil by a lifetime of devotion and high-hearted confidence—but you were incapable of aught so noble! And what has your career since been? Have I not seen, from year to year, the princely fortune bequeathed to me by my uncle lavished upon the base and the unworthy?—menials elected into friends, and equals treated as menials?—my son robbed of his birthright, and myself even of that pure and unsullied name, which was the best dowry that Hortense Mancini, wealthy as she was, could bring to a man of honour! Again I say, fie on you sir—fie on you!—away! and repent that you should ever so have fallen beneath the contempt of the woman who had sworn and hoped to love you, that you were compelled to stoop to the ignominy of kidnapping your own wife!”

“Ten thousand thunders!” shouted the duke, clenching his hand, and shaking it furiously at Madame de Mazarin, as she was preparing to move away. “Instantly give me entrance, or I will batter the place about your ears!”

“Strike on!” was the calm reply; “and meanwhile, we will retire and pray for you.” And leaving the duke still in the same attitude of impotent fury, the duchess swept haughtily through a door which led to an inner apartment, and disappeared, while Madame de Courcelles, awed, for once, into gravity, bent her head to the infuriated noble, and signing the cross upon her forehead, followed her in silence.

MY INTIMATE FRIEND.

BY MADAME DE CHATELAIN.

“SAVE me from my friends!” There is wisdom in the exclamation—but what are “*one's friends*” at large compared with the one particular individual who, under the name of friendship, has taken out letters patent for the express purpose of doing us all the mischief in his power?

My intimate friend belongs to the same club as myself, and manages to get himself invited to share my dinner, three times a week, to say the least; on which occasions he shews his friendship by telling me plainly that champagne is necessary to his digestion.

My intimate friend gives me a bad dinner whenever he entertains me at his lodgings, because, as he says, between friends there needs no ceremony—and then drops hints about “the feast of reason and the flow of soul.”

My intimate friend borrows money of me alone, because, as he observes, he would not hurt me by applying to any one else; and forgets the golden maxim, that “short accounts make long friends.”

My intimate friend is always ready to be my second in a duel; and is so tenacious of my honour, that he will never hear of a compromise, though older and better men than himself have professed themselves satisfied.

My intimate friend rides my horse instead of keeping one, because Orestes and Pylades and Damon and Pythias were not better friends than we are, and consequently such trifles ought to be common between us.

My intimate friend would think me very ill-natured did I not present him in all the different circles that I frequent, although, being better favoured than I am, the consequence is that he dances with all the handsomest girls, and I am employed to take the dowagers down to supper.

My intimate friend is so solicitous about my gentlemanlike appearance, that he left me no peace till I employed his tailor, his hatter, and his shoemaker, all of which functionaries supply him gratis for the sake of his good word among his dear friends.

My intimate friend insisted on giving a ball at my chambers, because, he said, a rich man like myself ought not to receive so many civilities without a return. He would undertake all the trouble, and writing all the invitations. The consequence was, that he entertained all his friends at my expense, and I offended many for not having invited them.

My intimate friend would know all the secrets of my heart; and I confided to him that I was in love with a charming girl, of whom I gave a very lover-like description. He insisted on being introduced to the family, as he would be delighted to forward my suit by all the assistance in his power. My intimate friend soon made himself at home in the house, and held skeins for Caroline, while I was talking with her mother—because, as he said, I had better not pay my attentions too openly, till I was sure of her parents' sanction.

My intimate friend has a knack of bringing forward all the subjects on which I am least informed, to shew off his superior attainments. Thus, after teasing me for half an hour to sing, which he assured my friends I could do capitally, if I chose, he got himself solicited to take part in a duet with Caroline, who was delighted with his abilities.

My intimate friend took charge of all my letters to my lady love, which he could easily give her unperceived, as nobody suspected him—all of which he most faithfully consigned to the fire, assuring me that my adored did not dare answer them, though she had read them with great satisfaction.

My intimate friend was always at her house. He rode with her and danced with her, all to forward my interests, while I was enjoined to be absent, not to spoil the whole plan. In short, he made love for me, proposed for me, and finally married her, no doubt, for my sake; and to prove the excess of his friendship, and being now rich through her means, and no longer in want of an intimate friend, he has forgotten our intimacy and blotted my very person from his memory—so much for *friendship*!

VIOLET AND VIOLANTE.

BY MISS SKELTON.

THE marriage ceremony is concluded; the bride has returned to her maiden chamber; for the last time, she stands before the mirror which had reflected her form so long—as from the dawning loveliness of childhood she had expanded into the fulness of womanly perfection—blushing, smiling, trembling, yet triumphant. She slowly, and with some agitation, prepares to array herself for her departure from her paternal roof. This bride, so beautiful, so brilliant, is Violante; that pale bridesmaid, motionless by her side, is Violet; cousins are they—sworn friends from infancy—more than sisters in affection and in confidence. *One* is indeed happy! Why is the other so silent and so tearful? Violante is certainly very beautiful, but how much more so is the sad Violet. All must admire the one, with those clear blue eyes, and that sunbright hair; but none ever saw and, having seen, forgot the wondrous beauty of those dark orbs which, in the other, shine with a splendour and a power beyond the might of words. Both were richly dressed; even the bridesmaid, spite of her apparent dejection, had adorned herself with all that could add and give effect to her extreme loveliness; and as she stood watching the movements of the bride, with deep emotion trembling on her parted lips and dimming with unshed tears the dark glory of her eyes, few ever looked so lovely.

They had been friends from childhood; and Violante had been much surprised when Violet had refused to perform for her the office of bridesmaid,—refused at first steadily, and with an appearance of great determination,—and afterwards as suddenly had changed her decision, and agreed to accede to the wishes of her friend and cousin; but only on condition of being allowed to quit the gay scene of courtship and marriage-preparation until the moment of the ceremony. And so she did. And but that very morning had Violet returned; and entering amid the brilliant group assembled on the occasion of the wedding, had at once eclipsed all by her beauty, her grace, and her splendour of costume.

Violante was the idolized child of wealthy parents—their proclaimed heiress; to her chosen lover she brought, not only her great personal charms, not only high expectations, but a dowry equal to these: he was a fortunate man.

It mattered not that her heart was cold, her disposition frivolous, her temper spoiled by flattery and indulgence,—it mattered not, that, in his own unutterable self-contempt, *he knew he loved her not!* She had wealth, and he had rank; and with wealth and rank, they *must* be happy.

Violet is an orphan, and poor—poor, indeed! What has she? No gold, no lands, only all perfections of mind and form, all perfections of intellect, all perfections of soul, only a heart—a heart full of love,—love, pure, deep, lasting, even unto death. She had been early left fatherless and motherless, with just sufficient of worldly endowments to preserve her from the pain of utter dependence; she had resided chiefly under the roof of the wealthy parents of Violante, and had,

until within the last year, appeared as happy as she was beautiful; but within this period, a gradual, but complete change, had taken place, which had ended in her withdrawal from the house of her uncle, and in her taking up her abode with a relation of small means, residing entirely in the country.

Violante, when Violet had reappeared, for the purpose of acting as her chief bridesmaid, had felt a pang, almost of envy, as she watched her glide into the bright assemblage, outshining all as she passed; and not a few remarked the sudden paleness and hasty turning away of the bridegroom, as this vision of extraordinary loveliness whispered to him the few cold necessary words of formal congratulation. But the shadow soon vanished, and all was joy again.

Now, as the vain Violante, fluttering in all her bridal paraphernalia, gazing alternately at the fair face reflected in the mirror and at the glittering trinkets heaped upon her toilette, thought, with much self-satisfaction, on her own beauty, wealth, and importance, it occurred to her that she might as well attempt to ascertain the reason of Violet's late strange conduct, and on this subject she addressed her. It was but a light, careless inquiry—lightly and laughingly made—but the answer was one of terrible intensity.

"Violante, *I loved your husband!*"

Violante started backwards, and with a faint cry, would have rushed from the room, but Violet detained her. "I have said it,—hear the rest!"

The bride sank into a seat, hiding her face with her hands. She groaned aloud—"Tell me all!—has *he* loved *you*?"

"He loves me yet!"

The shrinking bride sobbed like a child. The bridesmaid, fixing upon her the whole strength of her dark, lustrous eyes, with a voice whose soft, sweet tones, were broken by passion, told her tale.

"Violante, you know that I was acquainted with this gay lord for some months before you returned home, to make that conquest of his wishes which this day has crowned, but you know not the terms on which we stood. I will tell you all. You shall judge betwixt him and me.

"Violante, he came, he saw me, he professed himself charmed. Was it possible not to love *him*?—so gallant, so beautiful—(here she paused for a moment, then her voice faltered as she added)—still, I fear, so dear! I *did* love him!—I gave myself up to that most delicious of dreams, the dream of love! Every day was passed in a round of innocent enjoyments and pure delights,—we were continually together. Each word of his breathed the most intense passion, tempered by the profoundest respect;—what reason had I to doubt his honour—his truth! We were as *one*—our very thoughts seemed to rise spontaneously! and in the voiceless eloquence of our eyes, each read the fond secret of the other's heart!

"Violante, I do not believe you can comprehend all that I would now describe—I do not believe you are capable of feeling it!

"We parted; he made no avowed proposal, yet saying simply, 'I love you as my life!' Could I doubt his faith? He went, yet I was happy!—happy in the consciousness of his love—happy in the thought of seeing him soon again—happy in the strength of my confiding

affection! I trusted him as I did my own soul!—I would have doubted the might of Heaven itself, but not *his truth*!—Well, then, his letters, breathing every tender and generous sentiment—so frequent, so affectionate!—what bliss to receive, to read, to answer them! I was too blest!

“Yes, I have since seen my error. I made my own idol, and then fell down and worshipped it!—I took this thing of clay, and clothing it with the attributes of Divinity, believed it divine! But I have been most bitterly undeceived! The veil is torn asunder—the light and the glory have passed away for ever, and I see the dust and the dross beneath!

“He returned, changed indeed—not loving me less, perhaps, but with all other feelings changed. It was expedient for him, he said, to wed with wealth. *You* had been already decided upon as his wife! I was poor!

“But this was not all—he dared to talk of love to *me*—even while he spoke of marriage with another! Shallow-hearted libertine! I saw his eye quail beneath the deep contempt of mine! I left him to his shame!

“Now, Violante, you are his wife—the wife of one who loves you not—who cannot love! In this lies my source of vengeance. I am already well avenged! Remember, in moments when you think yourself happy, that every tender word, every affectionate expression, has been poured from *his* lips to *my* ear with a passionate earnestness of utterance beyond all that *you* may ever hope to hear. Remember, that the hand which one brief hour past placed upon your finger the ring which binds you to him for life, has thrilled—would yet thrill, beneath *my* slightest touch, with a passion to *you* unknown.

“And *he*!—he loves me yet: in that I triumph. This day hath been indeed my own! Did I not pass betwixt him and his bride, in presage of how for many a long year I shall rise between his soul and happiness?

“And think not I shall suffer long. No; in all hearts there are secret springs of comfort. I shall seek for peace—nor seek in vain! The dream—the glory, and the lights are gone! But much remains behind. And I was made for better things than to wither beneath the falsehood of man!”

The bride, no longer weeping, gazed fixedly on Violet. *She*, her eyes closed, tears rolling down her cheeks, stood silent from emotion; then spoke again, but in softened tones.

“Ah, Violante! I would call in pride to my aid, but I strive in vain. I feel I love him still! *How* I have loved him, let Heaven be my witness!—Heaven and this agony!

“And now, farewell; we meet no more on earth. I forgive, alike, *thy* unconscious rivalry—*his* deliberate wrong! In mine own folly I have found mine own punishment.”

So the bridesmaid turned and departed, and passing through the gay throng, which, surrounding the bridegroom, awaited the bride, glided from their sight for ever, leaving, to the only one amid the group who knew her secret, the long-enduring memories of that pale accusing brow—those dark reproachful eyes.

JOHN MANESTY,

The Liverpool Merchant.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION, BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

CHAPTER VII.

A DISSERTATION ON SLAVERY.—THE END OF THE REVEL.

"Yes, Sam," said young Hibblethwaite, for he it was, the junior partner of the house, whom we have mentioned in a prior chapter, "I am very much obliged to you for the compliment—I don't think that betting is worse thievery than merchandise. I have lost fifty-four guineas, have I? rather a bad morning's speculation. However, that's all right. Well, it may be very pleasant, but I am sorry I did not stick to old Manesty, after all. You, my bucks, have here, in the course of the last couple of years, done me out of perhaps five or six thousand pounds. Much good may it do you! But that cool, calculating, canting, slate-faced fellow, did me out of fifteen thousand pounds in a single morning. He gave me twenty-four thousand for a business that was well worth sixty thousand; and that twenty-four thousand pounds——"

"Has," said Sir Theobald, "in due proportion been properly laid out in taking care of us."

"Well," said Dick, "I grudge it not; have it among you, boys; but I do grudge a sixpence to Manesty. I am told he is going to the West Indies, and I wish to God, Dick Hoskins may have him by the back of the neck; he'll shake the money and the methodist out of him."

"Dick Hoskins?" said Sir Theobald, "and who is Dick Hoskins?"

"Not to know him," replied Hibblethwaite, "'argues yourself unknown,' as the 'Paradise Lost' man used to say, when old Soap-the-Suds taught me that rubbish, in what he used to call his academy in Seacombe—not know Dick Hoskins?"

"I plead guilty," said Lord Randy, "to the same ignorance. Who is your friend?"

"My friend!" said Dick. "He is no particular friend of mine; he is the friend of all mankind. He is a slave-snapper on the coast of Guinea, and some people in the West Indies—where the weather is warm, and they use hot language—call him a pirate. Am I to make a speech?"

"No, no," said Sam. "You make a bad speech, but sing a good song. Here's your health!"

"Well, then, here goes!" said Dick Hibblethwaite. Throwing his eyes up to the ceiling, and tapping the time on his boot with his riding-whip, he sang one of the old songs of the day.

"Well sung, Dick," said Broken-nosed Bob, "and a right good tune. The day I fought Broughton——"

"You mean the day, Bob," said the songster, "on which you paid Broughton five pounds for bestowing on you a well-deserved thrashing; but if anybody wants to know what sort of fellow Dick Hoskins is, I

can tell, for I met him to the leeward of the Keys of the Bahamas, six years ago, and a jolly day we had of it. Not to talk nonsense, boys, we all knew what he was. He was, and he is, a pirate—a robber on the sea—Lord Randy, just as you, gentlemen of the Chocolate House, are on land."

"Pass the personality," whispered Randy, "and go on, Dick."

"I think," continued Hibblethwaite, "he is a first-rate manufacturer in his way. He doesn't snap slaves, not he; my old partner could not at all accuse him of that. No; he waits lying quiet about Cape, in order to avenge the injured Africans, by seizing the vessels in which their captors have confined them."

"He is a gentleman," said Sam. "Here's his health!"

"And having clutched the inhuman villains, he treats them with the tender mercies of making them walk the plank."

"I say, Dick," said Sir Roger Saddleworth, a huge squire, with thick eyebrows, red ears, and a mouth always open, "what do you mean by walking the plank?"

"A pleasant operation," replied Dick, "something between murder and suicide. They run out a plank, about eight feet long, from the ship's side, taking the larboard for luck, and a man is made to walk up to the end of it, standing over the sea. Then he is left to his freedom of will, for just one minute, at the end of which, if he choose, he may drop and take his chance of the sharks; or, if not, two men-at-arms, standing at the other end of the plank, fire at him, and bring him down, and no mistake."

"And which," inquired Sir Robert, "is the choice usually made?"

"In nine cases out of ten, I understand," replied Dick, "the man drops in the sea. He hopes for escape, however remote the chances, and clings to the hope, until the shark snaps him asunder, or the gurgling waves keep him down. The pirates always prefer their customers dropping in the sea, as they think thereby the sin of murder is taken off their tender consciences."

"A sneaking end, after all," said Lord Randy. "For my part, I'd stand at the end of the plank, and let them fire, if for no other reason but that of bidding them go to hell!"

"Taking the message there yourself, my lord," said Sir Theobald. "But what sort of fellow is this Dick Hoskins?"

"Why, nothing particular; not much taller than myself—a good-humoured, dare-devil, hard-drinking sort of fellow, with a foxy head, and an eye that would see from here to York Castle."

"*Di omen avertant*," muttered Sam, half asleep. "Hadn't we better call for another bowl of punch; and pray, Gallows Dick, don't talk of York Castle, for our debts will bring us there soon enough, if nothing else does."

"When Dick Hoskins," continued Hibblethwaite, "gathers a sufficient quantity of blacks, or, as they call them in the business, the 'cattle,' he makes for the Mississippi, where he is sure of a market."

"Why not at the plantations, and sell them openly in Virginia at once?" said Sir Toby. "An uncle of mine has an estate on the banks of the Potowmac, on which he holds twelve hundred slaves of his own, and he buys and sells them without reservation."

"Because," said Dick, "there are persons in the colonies called judges and juries, who make a nice distinction between piracy and

slaving; and as they would bring Dick's profession under the former character, it is probable they would suspend his labours, by suspending himself! But the Georgia and the Carolina people are not so particular. As for hunting a vessel there, you may as well hunt a mouse upon Salisbury plain; the Bayons, as they call them, are scattered through the sea in hundreds, and it would take the British navy to follow a vessel. So Dick brings his goods there, and sells them to the planters on both sides of the river; and as the colonies are new, and hands wanted, he need never look long for a market."

"It must be a queer sight," said Sir Roger Saddleworth, "to see men sold at a market. How do they go?"

"By weight," said Dick; "I've weighed a good many of them."

"How do you sell?" asked Sir Roger.

"Just as you sell a beast in York Market. The fair way is to say at once, 'round and sound, a dollar a pound.'"

"How much is that, Dick?" said Lord Randy.

"About three guineas a stone," was the reply. "Thirty to thirty-five pounds an average man."

"A capital price," said Sir Theobald. "Let us sell Sam, he is asleep; or as Dick is growing prosy in his stories, let us enliven the day by putting up our relations. Here goes for Lord Silverstick!"

"You won't get much for him, if bought by the pound," said Lord Randy, smiling; "he's too thin. I know his weight well, for I've pinched him tight pretty often; but, by the bye, if you could catch him just now, and sell him with his coach and six, and his little attorney, and the bag of guineas he has got under the cushion, you would not make such a bad bargain."

"You don't mean that," said Hibblethwaite, with some vivacity.

"I do mean it," said Lord Randy. "I know that he has at least a couple of thousand guineas with him, divided into those nice little bags, labelled with the charming inscription of—'£200' peeping out of their corners."

"I certainly," said Sir Theobald, "would like to settle a few accounts I owe Master Shark."

"And I," said Sam, "would like to settle some accounts I owe many other people. Here's bad luck to them—the dunning villains!"

The inferior portion of the company had, by this time—it had now reached three o'clock—thinned gradually away, overcome by beef, beer, and tobacco; and the parlour guests were almost alone. They too had, under the same influences, decreased to a small number, consisting principally of the gentlemen already introduced to the reader. Broken-nosed Bob was smoking his pipe in silence, ruminating, in all probability, on the day he had fought Broughton;—Sam had fallen asleep with his glass in hand, empty, however;—Lord Randy, all life and spirits, seemed as if he was just beginning to spend the evening;—Sir Roger Saddleworth, on the contrary, considerably muddled with all he had swallowed and smoked, looked, from having turned his peruke the wrong way, as if he were about to close it;—Sir Theobald, upon whom no potation could by any possibility take effect, ready for anything;—and Dick Hibblethwaite, who appeared to have had a long ride, and was rather jaded; but he revived at the last words of Lord Randy, and with something like vivacity, inquired, "What is he going to do with all that money, and that lawyer, Randy? I hope it is for

you, as that will pay me part of the eight hundred that are over due."

"I don't think it will come to me," returned Lord Randy. "Dick, you have not yet forgotten the vulgarity of your commercial education. The money is for use; it is to complete the purchase of Park Holme, which I have directed to be put up, ten days hence. He thinks I don't know who is to be purchaser, as if I and old Lanty Latitat, as we call him, had no communication on such subjects. This week's work, one with another, including this morning, has cost me more than half a thousand guineas, and that, you know, must be met."

"It is a pity," said Dick, "that so much money as that should be rolling along the road, with so very little care taken of it."

"That's the opinion of your friend, Dick Hoskins," said Sir Theobald. "Faith! your ancestors or my own, Sir Roger, would have had very little scruple in easing our friend's father of the responsibility of such a charge, and taking it into their own keeping in a strong castle."

"Ah, the good old times!" said Dick. "But they rob nowhere now, except further up towards London, on the road, and in the ways of business; in these parts, at the Exchange of Liverpool, and all other exchanges that ever I was upon. But, seriously, I should like some of that money, Lord Randy, as I am very short, and I have lost fifty-four yellow-boys, to pay here,—pay one of the hundreds to-morrow?"

"Pay it yourself, to night, out of the money that is in the coach, before it comes to me," said Lord Randy; "for that's your only chance of getting any of it. How far off did you leave the earl?"

"I should say, by his style of travelling—five miles an hour, and stopping at every inn—he must now be about three quarters of an hour off."

"Horse and away, then, my boys!" said Lord Randy; "you can't do any harm by frightening an old fellow. I'll ride the other way, for I can't be in it myself, as he was my mother's husband, whatever relation he may be to me."

His lordship then went to the window, and throwing it up, said—"Armstrong, my horse!" then turning round to Sir Robert Saddleworth and Sir Theobald, added, with a laugh—"Gentlemen, don't disgrace your ancestors! and Dick, as a matter of business, I shall expect one of the bills back to-morrow, cancelled. Broken-nosed Bob, for due value of myself, Samuel the Thirsty, and other persecuted Christians, to your care I entrust little Snap, the attorney; give him what you bought of Broughton, and remember the glorious day you fought the Bruiser!"

"On that day——" said Bob.

"No matter now," cried Lord Randy; "my horse is at the door. Dick, pay the bill." And thus saying, the volatile nobleman emerged from the apartment, and in a moment afterwards, the clattering of his horse's hoofs were heard upon the Northern Road.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DISCIPLE OF CHESTERFIELD.—A HIGHWAY ROBBERY IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

THE stately horses of the stately carriage of the stately Lord Silverstick were moving at a stately pace towards the good town of Preston.

Preston itself, proud as it is called, could not have been prouder than the equipage that was moving towards it. The coach was heavy, square-cornered at the top, and conical at the bottom, hung upon some indescribable frame for tormenting horses, harnessed heavily, and driven by a coachman, of whom a three-cornered hat, and a red nose, were the chief characteristics. The party inside consisted of a small, dapper, elegantly thin, and carefully-dressed elderly gentleman, Lord Silverstick, and his lordship's companion, a still smaller man, with a very weasel-expression of face, whose name was Snap, and whose business that of an attorney; he was his lordship's man of all work. There was a strong perfume of musk in the coach, and his lordship held in his hand a volume bound in blue paper, which, we believe, was Dodsley's last miscellany.

"As my Lord Bishop of Gloucester says," remarked Lord Silverstick, "in his truly sagacious and erudite notes upon Shakspeare, 'The art of a critic, in some sort, transcends the genius of a poet.' So I, Mr. Snap, in my last conversation with my elegant friend Lord Chesterfield, remarked that *goût*, or as you, unacquainted with the language of the refined world, might call it taste, shews itself at present far superior to the false and barbarous notions of a Homer, or a Shakspeare. The best judges ——"

Snap, who, for the last fifteen miles, not understanding a word of the subject, had thought it better to be silent, now saw at last a chance, and chimed in,—“Lord Mansfield, my lord, and ——”

“Ah, I know what you are going to observe,” said the earl, smiling, “as Mr. Pope has it—

“‘How sweet an Ovid was in Murray lost.’

But it was not of those judges I was speaking, Mr. Snap, but of critical judges, whose opinion it is that the *Henriade* of Monsieur De Voltaire, which commences with—

“‘Je chant ce heros qui règne sur la France;’

but it is needless to go on quoting a poem which must be engraven on the memory of every man of taste. I have just come from Leasowes, where I left the amiable Mr. Shenstone. He has put many beautiful things on his grounds ——”

“Three mortgages, to my knowledge,” said Snap.

“I did not mean,” said the Earl, smiling benignly, “to allude to those temporary incumbrances, which are the fate of all men of genius; but how beautiful are his inscriptions. Dr. Haid—he is the author of an *Essay on Mutation*, and between you and me—but do not mention it, Snap—is marked for a speedy bishopric, as a small recompence for his talents in orthodoxy—had some connexion in ornamenting these vistas with their characteristic inscriptions. Do you remember the epitaph on Miss Dolman?”

“I do,” said Snap, “perfectly well; but forget it at this present moment.

“It is beautiful,” said his lordship; “Lord Chesterfield pronounced it sublime. I wrote it—Mr. Shenstone he had it printed—and I assure you it is much admired.”

“*Heu quanto minus est cum aliis versari quam tui meminisse.*”

"Yes," said Snap, "it is fine Latin. I am pretty sure the passage is quoted in Coke upon Lyttleton."

His lordship looked with compassion upon his man of business: "It is not," said he, "in that celebrated legal work. As I was saying, the Earl of Chesterfield, who is the most elegant man in London, much admires Leasowes. Taste, my dear sir—taste is everything."

"Of course, my lord," said Snap, "I have not the honour of knowing the distinguished nobleman of whom your lordship is speaking; but I have heard that he is, in some respects, a dissipated character."

"My dear sir," said the earl, throwing a compassionate look on his companion, "you must make allowances for the different ranks of life; as the bard of Avon ruggedly expresses it—

"That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy;"

so refined gallantry must not be confounded with low intrigue, or the amour of a nobleman with the debauchery of a cobbler. A degree of refinement is now spreading itself through all ranks of life; and the fopperies of what is called religion, seems to be pretty well understood among those ranks that have a right to think. "If," as my friend Lord Chesterfield observes, "a gentleman brings superior skill or experience to bear upon basset or whist, such methods, whatever the vulgar may think of appropriating to himself the purses of the less skilful in the less venturous, will not, by any man trained in the proper seminaries of elegance and refinement, be confounded with the vulgar——"

"Stand and deliver!" said a sharp voice, accompanied by the music of a muzzle of a pistol, dashing through the pane of the window glass; and a smart and active figure galloping up on a light sorrel nag, was visible to the startled gaze of the elegant Earl and his companion, now quite awakened.

The dull fall of a postillion knocked off the leaders; the sudden jerk of the horses quickly pulled up; the rush of four or five horses to the door; the instantaneous flight of the attendants, sufficiently indicated that the Earl of Silverstick was now in the hands of the Philistines. Snap curled himself up in an agony of terror; but to do his Lordship justice, he did not lose his politeness, and scarcely his elegant self-possession, even for a moment. The door was now thrust open by a tall stout fellow, who, without another word, seized Snap by the back of the neck, and dragged him out of the carriage, shaking him by the neck and throwing him on the ground, as you may see a Newfoundland dog serve a cat.

"You cursed lawyer," said he, "I only wish the twelve judges, chancellor and all, were here with you;" with which indignant speech he flung Snap out into the centre of the road.

Lord Silverstick, somewhat alarmed at the fate of his companion, but still with perfect self-possession, drew his sword, but an effectual pass was parried, or rather put by, by the riding whip of another brawny ruffian, and the light weapon taken instantly out of his hand. His lordship looked very pale, but still smiled; and endeavoured,

though somewhat bunglingly, to turn off a fine sentence on the surprising company by which he was so suddenly surrounded.

"Gentlemen, your peculiarity of profession precludes the precision of etiquette. You want my money—it is under this cushion; but for rudeness there is no excuse. Use your victory with moderation. Lord Chesterfield, on the day I met him——"

"That puts me in mind," said the man who had torn his sword from him, "of the day on which I fought——"

The door on the other side opened quickly—"My lord, I must trouble you to step out," said the dashing wight that had first come up, and this invitation was enforced by the click of a pistol-lock. The old earl stepped down rapidly. The money was taken from the cushion in a moment, postillions and coachmen tied together neck and heels on the coach-box, the earl replaced in the carriage with much politeness, and the principal thieves retired to consult, leaving the prisoners under the guard of one of their brotherhood, who had taken scarcely any share in these proceedings, apparently from a peculiar tendency to an oscillatory motion, which displayed itself on his advancing. Some five or six minutes elapsed before they returned, during which period, in his most Chesterfieldian phrases, the earl expressed his sense of the extreme unpoliteness of the whole proceeding; adding, however, epigrammatically, that the rudeness of the principle, so far as he was concerned, was alleviated by the politeness of the performers. This remark appeared to touch the mind of the worthy who had been left on guard.

"Have you anything to drink in this coach," he said, "old gentleman?"

"I suppose my servants have not neglected to place something of the kind under the seats; but, to my own knowledge, I must confess I am ignorant."

"What an affected old jackass," thought the guard; "I never could have been ignorant of anything of the kind; but I may as well try, and as the servants are tied, I may as well do butler myself." Fumbling about the coach he soon found what he wanted. "Here's your health," said he, "Old Silverstick; don't be down-hearted. Toss off this yourself."

"If you will be so kind as to excuse me," said the earl, politely declining the offered draught; "I never touch anything of the kind."

"'Tis that that makes you so white, and so thin," said the other. "Drinking's the only cure ——"

"Touch not the accursed thing," said a beautifully loud voice at the coach window; "wine is a mocker—strong drink is raging." And here a violent hiccup broke short the quotation. Not a word more passed; but Lord Silverstick's guardian discharged the contents of a pistol at the voice with an aim, which, luckily for the quoter of King Solomon, was very remarkably unsteady. It served, however, to change the interruption from a sermon to a cry for mercy, which, with the effects of the shot, brought the others of the party immediately round the coach. The *custos* of the party jumped out with the discharged pistol in one hand, and the bottle in the other. A single crack of the whip from the more active of the party, sent the already frightened interloper flying at the best of his speed.



The Robbery of Lord Silverstick.

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